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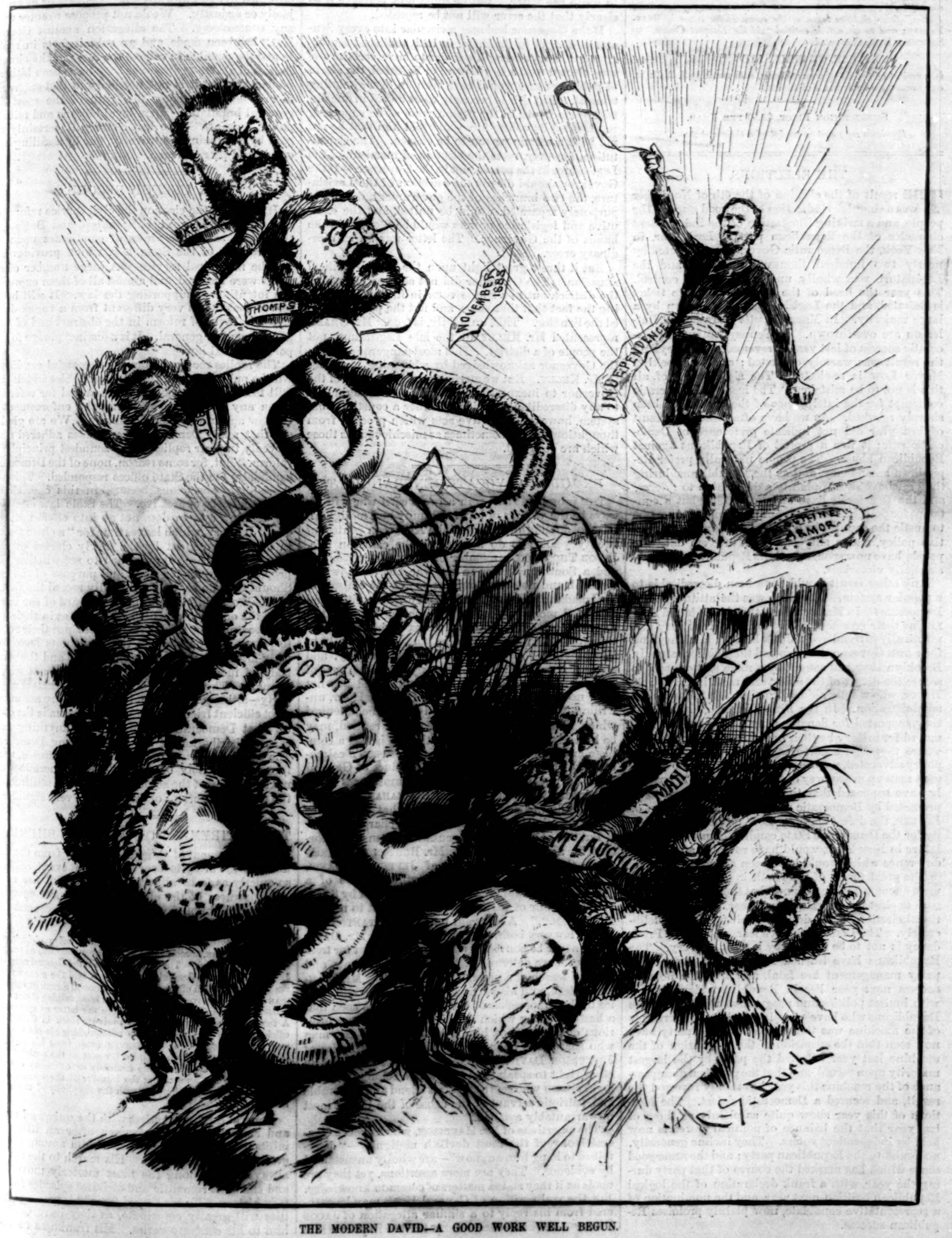

KELLY
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NOVEMBER 1883
INDEPENDENCE
GENUINE ARMOR
CORRUPTION
NASH
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C. G. Bush

THE MODERN DAVID.—A GOOD WORK WELL BEGUN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, November 17, 1883.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

An Illustrated Weekly,

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Special attention may also be called to "An Honor Well Deserved," by Margaret Eytinge, *illustrated; to a group of "Shetland Ponies," from sketches taken at the recent Horse Show by* Gray-Parker; *and to an article entitled "At the Racquet Courts," by* Sherwood Ryse, *illustrated.*

"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR,"

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THE ELECTIONS.

THE result of the election of the 6th of November was a singular vindication of the good sense of the people, and a striking illustration of the independent character of the Republican party. Last year, in New York, the Democratic Governor was elected by nearly two hundred thousand majority, and the Legislature was wholly under Democratic control. This year the head of the Democratic State ticket is defeated, and the Legislature is Republican by a large majority. In Massachusetts Butler and Butlerism are overthrown. In Pennsylvania the Democratic success of last year is reversed. In Maryland the result was warmly contested; and in Brooklyn Mayor Low is re-elected. The significance of all this is not to be mistaken. The insolent Democratic contempt for the intelligence of the people has been sharply rebuked. As we have often said, the result of last year did not indicate preference of Democratic rule; it was a protest of Republicans against Republican abuse. The people naturally prefer Republican ascendency, and as the Republicans during the year have shown plainly a disposition to reform, and the Democrats have shown nothing but a contempt for political character and principle, and sought to hustle the country by a careful evasion of any positive policy, and a silly cry of "Turn 'em out," the people have now spoken, and the Republicans are substantially victorious.

Any other result would have been discreditable to a popular system. For what was the attitude of the Democrats? In Massachusetts they had selected Butler as their representative. In New York they had practically surrendered to John Kelly. In Maryland their own Governor had exposed their dishonesty. In Brooklyn they had sought by a mere party appeal to secure the defeat of the ablest and most incorruptible Mayor, who wholly abjured partisanship in municipal administration. In the First District of New York they supported for Senator a man who had been removed for bribery by their own Governor; and everywhere they had sneered at reform. There was no policy advocated, no principle asserted; and no intelligent man upon a survey of the situation could seriously have supposed that the public welfare was to be promoted by Democratic success. The re-election of Butler, the defeat of Mayor Low, an emphatic majority for the Democratic State candidates and the Legislature in New York, would have revealed a public indifference which would have been alarming.

The great moral of the result is obvious, and it is most encouraging. It is not that the Republicans are sure to elect the President next year, but that the national election will be decided intelligently and deliberately. The Democrats have learned that the Presidency is not to be caught by a trick or a cry. The Republicans have learned that the old methods of party management are fatal, and that the hope of success next year lies in Republican identification with honest politics and progressive reform. Those Republicans who have secretly felt that the overthrow of the machine was the downfall of the party have now seen that the suspicion of the restoration of the machine last year defeated the party by the largest majority upon record, and that the practical disappearance of the machine this year has totally reversed the result, and secured a Democratic defeat. The elections of this year show quite as plainly as those of last year that the balance of political power is now held by independent voters. They incline generally, no doubt, to the Republican party; and the same good sense which has marked the course of that party during the year, with a frank declaration of the logical Republican position next year, and the nomination of a representative candidate, now plainly promises Republican success.

THE GOVERNOR'S MISTAKE.

Governor Cleveland made one great, but certainly not an irremediable, mistake during the recent political contest. He wrote a letter to John Kelly in which he said that for his own personal comfort and satisfaction he did not wish Senator Grady to be re-elected, and he appealed to Mr. Kelly to prevent it. As politics are usually managed, it is not unusual for an intimation to be given out in a way which is known to be authoritative that this or that nomination will be or will not be agreeable to the Executive. But he does not personally appear. The very fact of the letter, therefore, shows the sincerity and simplicity of the Governor. He goes openly and directly to his object. But he should not have had such an object, as he now doubtless sees. It was a signal error to write the letter. But he must now perceive it so clearly that the error will not be repeated.

If the Governor had sent a circular into every Senatorial district in the State, or had published a proclamation, announcing his desire to have certain persons elected to the Legislature or defeated, the storm of public censure would have been an overwhelming tempest. But this is precisely what he did in one district. He wrote to the person who, as he supposed, represented its voting force, and told him that he did not wish a certain person to be elected. The Constitution, however, vests the election of members of the Legislature in the people, not in the Governor. If the Governor should dictate the selection of the Legislature, the two branches of the government, which are purposely separated, would be united, and the executive and legislative powers would be blended in the hands of the Governor. The letter was an extraordinary error.

But it threw great light upon the actual political situation. The Governor did not address himself to the district, but to a single voter in it, thus recognizing the fact that that voter, and not the people, elected the Senator. This, unluckily, is true. Mr. Grady represented Mr. Kelly in the late Legislature, not the people of a district. This most dangerous system the Governor acknowledged by addressing his letter to Mr. Kelly. But we attribute the great error of the Governor to inexperience and want of thought, not to any discreditable motive. Under a constitutional system, however, executive acts which proceed from thoughtlessness are sometimes as mischievous as those which are designed.

EX-JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL HOLT.

The prominent actors in a great civil war will always be the victims of bitter calumny and malignant falsehood, and the leaders in the American contest of twenty years ago do not escape the common fate. Jacob Thompson, a member of Buchanan's cabinet, and a Southern leader in the war, but unknown in the field, and notorious only as one of the emissaries in Canada to plot the burning of Northern cities and to spread mortal infection through the loyal States, recently took occasion to malign ex-Judge-Advocate-General Joseph Holt, who is now living quietly in Washington, retired from all public activity, and seeking no controversy. The unprovoked attack of Thompson made no public impression, and has not been noticed by the press. But General Holt, unwilling that statements should pass unchallenged which, if not summarily and promptly refuted, may be hereafter accepted as authentic, has issued a complete and conclusive exposure of Thompson's calumnies, which refer not only to the conduct of General Holt during the war, but to the circumstances of his appointment to the cabinet of Buchanan. The details we do not cite. It is enough that the answer shows completely the falseness of the charges.

But one of Thompson's accusations is made important by a recent article of Mr. Burton N. Harrison's, the private secretary of Jefferson Davis, who, in discrediting Davis's capture, speaks of a charge against him as "the charge invented by Stanton and Holt of participation in the plot to murder Mr. Lincoln." And again he says: "Stanton and Holt, lawyers both, very well knew that Mr. Davis could never be convicted upon an indictment for treason, but were determined to hang him anyhow, and were in search of a pretext for doing so." Mr. Stanton is dead, and his patriotic energy and public service in the suppression of the rebellion were such that a hostile feeling which would easily credit any injurious charge against him is but natural to any man who shared the fortunes and aided the enterprise of Jefferson Davis. For General Holt we have no other right to speak than that which belongs to every loyal citizen who sees a steadfast friend and honorable and patriotic servant of the cause of the Union most unwarrantably assailed.

The assertions of Mr. Harrison, which accuse General Holt of the most devilish malignity—"determined to hang him anyhow"—are wholly unsustained by evidence. They are mere assertions, yet they are made as if they stated matters of common knowledge. But the real position of General Holt may be gathered from his reply to a similar allegation of Jacob Thompson's that General Holt tried to implicate him in the assassination. The facts are of record that a man named Conover offered to procure evidence for the investigation; that upon consideration his offer was accepted; that witnesses were produced by him; that nothing occurred to excite the slightest suspicion of Conover's integrity until two witnesses confessed that they had sworn falsely, being suborned by Conover, upon which General Holt promptly and thoroughly investigated the matter, and convinced of the truth of the confessions, he instantly prosecuted Conover for perjury and subornation of perjury, convicted him, and sent him to the penitentiary. This throughout was the course of honesty, of humanity, of justice, and legality, and it is for candid men to decide whether a public officer, and that officer General Holt, who took this course, was a man to "invent" charges against Jefferson Davis, or to be "determined to hang him anyhow," by hook or by crook, justly or unjustly. We do not propose to enter upon any controversy. The allegation against General Holt has been made, and we submit facts in reply. It may be possible to relieve the farce of the circumstances of Davis's capture as they have been hitherto understood, but it is not necessary to that enterprise to assume as of course the truth of the most disgraceful imputations upon loyal citizens and faithful public servants. The lost cause will certainly not gain by re-opening controversy, nor by assailing honorable and patriotic men.

A USEFUL RECORD.

Just before the election the civil service reform associations in New York, Brooklyn, and Buffalo, in this State, asked the views of candidates upon the enforcement of the State law, which provides also for the municipal service. A large number of answers were received, and almost all of them expressed the intention of supporting the law. It will be observed that this is very different from a vague declaration in favor of reform in the abstract and of good government in general. It is a distinct pledge to support an actual law.

The replies received from the successful candidates will be published, and the little pamphlet which they will form will be a convenient manual for reference when any proposition affecting the enforcement of the law appears in the Legislature. We are glad to say that many Democratic candidates adhered unreservedly in their replies to the soundest principles of reform. But, for some reason, none of the Democratic candidates for the State offices responded. This was exceedingly suspicious, because in this case silence was peculiarly expressive. The State law establishing the new system does not go into effect until the 4th of January, which leaves time for "a clean sweep" in every department by the newly elected officers. They will be carefully watched to see whether they propose to respect the spirit and purpose of the law. Should they do so, we shall gladly record the fact, as we shall certainly point out a disregard of the law.

In the omission of which we speak, as in their general treatment of the whole subject since their return to power became possible, the Democrats have foolishly alienated the friends of reform and the whole body of independent voters, whom it is not wise to alienate. They have done nothing whatever as a party—although individual Democrats are among the most efficient friends of reform—to persuade the country that Democratic success means anything more than a distribution of the spoils among Democrats. The whole influence of the reform sentiment, therefore, will probably be against the Democratic party next year, and of the actual power of that sentiment at the polls the elections of this year are very significant.

THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL SHERMAN.

The retirement of General Sherman from the command of the army is a very important event, achieved so quietly as to be almost unnoted. But the actual circumstances of the change have a most agreeable Republican simplicity. We quote the account from the *Herald:*

> "General Sherman was in his office at twelve o'clock, when General Sheridan, accompanied by the three members of his staff, entered the building. The former was still the General commanding the army, while General Sheridan was still the commander of the Military Division of the Missouri. General Sherman and Sheridan engaged in conversation for half an hour, talking about official matters that were likely to come before the latter as commander. A few minutes later, when it was twelve o'clock in Chicago, the official order of General Sheridan relinquishing his old command was promulgated. General Sherman arose from his desk, and General Sheridan at once occupied the seat as the senior General of the army. That was all the formality or ceremony observed. The official orders announcing the transfer of the command and its assumption were in keeping with the simplicity of the acts of the two great Generals."

General Sherman retires with the universal regard and respect of his countrymen after an illustrious military career which has placed him among the few great soldiers of his time. His march to the sea will always rank among the most masterly movements and the most romantic and striking episodes in military history. To his "good fame" his personal qualities will greatly contribute, as they have endeared him to his contemporaries. His frankness and simplicity, his quaint humor and fluent, racy speech, even his bluntness and want of tact, add a certain original charm to his character and personality, upon which the camp and the mess-room will long fondly dwell, while for his signal service to his country, history will always honor his name.

General SHERMAN is the one great and successful General in this country who has played no political part. The leader of the Revolution was most justly and fitly the first President, in no sense, however, as a politician, but as a patriot. General JACKSON, the hero of the second war with England, General TAYLOR, the chief figure of the Mexican war, and General GRANT, the General of the civil war, were all called to the Presidency, while SCOTT was called, but not chosen. SHERMAN in military genius is certainly the peer of any of them. But thus far he has declined the contests of politics. For his own peace and renown he should still decline. His temperament is not that of a politician, and he would be ill at ease in the fierce personal controversies from which he could not stay his voice and his pen. Meanwhile he enters upon his retirement with unabated vigor, and with the grateful affection of his country, which turns with confidence and admiration to his successor.

THE BROOKLYN VICTORY.

THE re-election of Mayor LOW in Brooklyn is a subject of national congratulation, not for any party reason, but as an illustration of the ability of individual citizens to rise above party. The best qualities of American citizenship were shown in his support, not only in the great skill with which the work of the canvass was conducted, but in the character and activity of his supporters, and in the principle involved. The opposition to him was desperate and untiring, and it was carefully and skillfully organized. It relied solely upon the party whip and spur.

But in the dead pull between a mere partisan and an honestly non-partisan municipal government the people of Brooklyn have beaten the most unscrupulous and clever politicians. Among these were machine Republicans who would gladly have seen Mayor LOW defeated, because his success would be the victory of honorable and decent political methods. As Brooklyn is a Democratic city by a considerable majority, and as such Republicans undoubtedly voted against the Mayor, his majority is clearly due to Democrats who are independent enough to vote according to their convictions and not according to orders.

Mr. ALFRED C. CHAPIN, the late Speaker of the Assembly, and the successful Democratic candidate for Comptroller, was not one of these Democrats. He lives in Brooklyn. He was first elected to the Assembly in a strong Republican district by independent Republican votes. But as Speaker of the Democratic Assembly his course was strongly partisan. As President of the Democratic Convention at Buffalo, he claimed for his party the laurels of civil service reform. It would be interesting to know why Mr. CHAPIN, as a State candidate, returned no answer to the inquiries of the Reform Association, and why during the late contest his voice and influence were thrown in favor of a movement for a mere partisan control of the city government, confessedly for a partisan purpose, against one of the most honorable and successful practical endeavors ever made to carry on municipal administration upon business and non-partisan principles. It is against Mr. CHAPIN's efforts that reform has triumphed in Brooklyn, and both his silence and his speech in this campaign will be remembered. But however individuals falter and fail, the proof which the re-election of Mr. LOW affords of the sound political health of an immense city is most gratifying to every man who believes in popular intelligence, and it is of the utmost encouragement to those who hold that honest and clean politics are not always unsuccessful politics.

THE MASSACHUSETTS VICTORY.

THE result in Massachusetts is of the same general kind as that in Brooklyn. They are both triumphs of honesty, intelligence, and ability over mere partisan demagoguery. In both canvasses there was the same appeal to class hatred, the same endeavor to excite prejudice, in the one case against Mr. ROBINSON, who is a poor man, and the son of a poor farmer, as a "silk-stocking candidate," and in the other against Mr. LOW as a millionaire.

If it be a crime to be rich, General BUTLER and Mr. TILDEN and hosts of their supporters are guilty, and industrious and intelligent Americans everywhere are trying to be guilty. The appeal was worthy of its Democratic origin, and Mayor LOW's treatment of it was one of the best incidents of the canvass. "I am accused of being a rich man. Well, fellow-citizens, a man's a man for a' that."

In both cases the victory was that of the sturdy, industrious, intelligent, moral, and self-respecting people, who are the strength and the hope of the American republic. Butlerism was the lowest form of demagoguery, and its support by the Democratic party in Massachusetts is a revelation of the spirit and character of that party which will be carefully remembered next year.

AMERICA IN GREECE.

AT a recent meeting of the Archæological Institute at Boston the latest accounts from the American classical school at Athens and from the explorations at Assos were announced. The school was established by the co-operation of fourteen colleges, including Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, the universities of Michigan, of Virginia, and of California, and each of the fourteen colleges is to provide for one year a director of the school, which will train classical students upon the spot, in the air, surrounded by the relics and the language of Greece.

Professor GOODWIN, of Harvard, was the first director, and his report speaks most favorably, not only of the design, but of the results of the school. He is of opinion, however, after his experience, that a permanent director is indispensable, because of the desirability of local knowledge, which can not be adequately acquired in a year.

The news from Assos, of which Professor NORTON gave so interesting an account in New York last winter, shows both how valuable the work at that point is, and at what disadvantage it is prosecuted, owing to Turkish dominion, a hot and trying climate, a wretched population, and imperfect communications. There are, however, the results of two years of excellent work to be prepared, and the report of it, with the publications already issued by the Institute, are among the best monuments of American scholarship.

CONVICT LABOR.

THE large vote in the State of New York at the late election for the abolition of the contract system of convict labor is a mere expression of opinion, and effects no change. It will, however, influence legislation, and the question assumes an immediate practical importance which gives peculiar significance to Mr. SANBORN's admirable article elsewhere in this paper. No man in the country is more competent to discuss the subject, and his paper is exceedingly instructive and suggestive. He favors, upon the whole, Mr. BROCKWAY'S view, and the policy which Mr. BROCKWAY and Mr. SANBORN both approve has the strongest claim upon public favor.

THE PEDESTAL LOAN EXHIBITION.

IT is a pity, and it is a little shameful, that the subscription for the BARTHOLDI pedestal fund still lingers. But it is not so shameful as the long delay in raising the funds for the Bunker Hill Monument fifty years ago. WEBSTER delivered the address at the laying of its corner-stone in 1825, and he celebrated its completion, but not until 1843.

The committee upon the pedestal are indefatigable. They have touched every chord which ought to respond. Their diligence and activity are the illustration of what should be the general disposition. If zeal and intelligence will build a pedestal, the BARTHOLDI pedestal will be built. The present device is a great art loan exhibition. The committee has laid all the best collections in New York and in other cities under contribution, and loans are upon the way from England. Moreover, the great New York galleries will be probably thrown open to the public for a fee during the month of December.

The character of the ladies and gentlemen in charge of the details of the exhibition, and the resources at their command, are such that there is promise of a collection such as has not been seen since the Metropolitan Sanitary Fair. It will be an exposition of much of the best art treasure in the country, not, of course, in paintings alone, but in every form of decorative art, old china, old lace, coins, medals, arms and armor, embroidery, carving, costume, and all things beautiful and rare. The exhibition will be held at the National Academy of Design, and any one who is willing to contribute should address Mr. MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.

DORÉ'S STATUE OF DUMAS.

A BRONZE statue of ALEXANDRE DUMAS, by GUSTAVE DORÉ, has just been erected in Paris. As EDMOND ABOUT said at the unveiling, it is the first statue obtained in France by a simple novelist. In the evening, says the report, at some of the theatres his dramas were played; but "to-morrow DORÉ's statue alone will recall the memory of the great entertainer."

The statue represents DUMAS sitting wrapped in a loose robe, the right hand holding a pen and hanging over one arm of the chair, the left hand holding a manuscript volume; the face is turned to the right with a pensive smile, as if half amused with the fancies that he is about to record. Upon the pedestal is a bass-relief of a young woman and an artisan listening to the reading of one of DUMAS's romances, and upon the other side is a figure of D'Artagnan.

D'Artagnan was a favorite character of THACKERAY'S. He classed him with Leatherstocking and other prize heroes of fiction. THACKERAY had the true love of the novel, a delight in story-telling. Yet he owns that he could not himself tell a story without preaching little sermons by the way. Nevertheless he greatly admired those who could, and his admiration of DUMAS was generous and sincere. EDMOND ABOUT's little speech at the statue was a sparkling panegyric of the novelist, the prodigal who left a princely heritage, the egotist who gave his life to kindred and country, the fond parent who survives in an immortal son. It was a gay and glittering tribute, not to the most profound, or significant, or elevating, but to the most fascinating and entertaining of French story-tellers.

PERSONAL.

THE young artists of this country may work under unusual stimulus this winter. In addition to the prize of $3000 offered by the Messrs. HARPER, prizes of $300, $200, and $100 have been instituted by Mr. JULIUS HALLGARTEN, and a further prize of $300 is the gift of Mr. THOMAS B. CLARKE. The National Academy of Design will arrange for the distribution of Messrs. HALLGARTEN and CLARKE's prizes, and Mr. T. ADDISON RICHARDS, corresponding secretary of the institution, will give information on application.

—The Japanese are not altogether destitute of a sense of personal dignity, as was illustrated recently in a school in New Haven. A small Jap, aged fourteen, feeling that he had been insulted by one of his comrades, surprised his teacher by gravely asking permission to kill the offending lad. It is to his credit, however, that he seemed entirely satisfied when told that such was not the custom of the country.

—Among the copies of old masters now in the loan collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art are several works by Mr. WILLIAM PAGE—among them one of RAPHAEL's Madonnas (in which the American artist has taken the liberty to change the color of the child's shirt from a positive yellow to white) and several examples of TITIAN. It was while painting these latter pictures that Mr. PAGE established his scientific method of treating chiar-oscuro and color. A correspondent of this journal writes: "I have a diary, written by Mr. PAGE, mostly at dictation, while he was copying the 'Venus' of TITIAN, containing an analysis of his own methods, even in the matter of the ultimate glazings. I wish that two or three of Mr. PAGE's own 'Venuses' could be placed beside these copies; but they would all need the richest surroundings and the most elevated appreciation. I wait with curious anxiety for the effect of this startling advance in the exhibition of the nude. Mr. PAGE has never been able to exhibit his 'Venus' as freely as its art would demand, though he modelled it strictly from the antique, and designed by it to express a purely ideal character. If our people are ready to appreciate this high art, it is a great advance."

—Mr. THOMAS NAST has been very seriously ill with pneumonia at his residence in Morristown, New Jersey. His friends throughout the country will be glad to learn that he is recovering.

—The portraits of Messrs. NILES and LIVSEY, the successful Republican candidates in Pennsylvania, appeared in HARPER'S WEEKLY for July 21; that of the Hon. JOSEPH B. CARR, re-elected Secretary of State in New York, in the issue for September 29, and those of the successful Democratic candidates in the issue for October 9. The portrait of the Hon. GEORGE D. ROBINSON appeared in this paper for September 29.

—The Empress of Germany has honored herself by sending to Mrs. ANNA OTTENDORFER, of this city, a beautiful silver decoration in recognition of her noble and great charities. The gift is inscribed with the words, "For Merit," and shows the monogram of her Imperial Highness, surmounted by a crown. The following letter accompanied it: "To Mrs. ANNA OTTENDORFER, New York:—I have learned with special gratification of your humanitarian works, especially in favor of our countrymen and women in America, and desire to show to you that works of charity done abroad are also gratefully remembered in our native country by sending you herewith a token of merit.—AUGUSTA.—Homburg-vor-der-Höhe, September 18, 1883."

—A marriage notice in the Baltimore *American* of May 23, 1839, reads as follows: "Married at Guilford, on the 24th ult., Mr. JAMES DENNIS, a Revolutionary pensioner, to EMMA DENNIS, after a cruel and distressing divorcement of more than two years."

—Captain COPEMAN left Dover on the 26th of October for Calais, at eight o'clock A.M., on a raft that was provided with a lug-sail and four oars. A light wind from the northwest soon became a strong breeze, and at two o'clock the captain had sailed across the Channel, and was greeted by an enthusiastic crowd on the Calais docks.

—Mr. EDWARD CLARKE, Member of Parliament, advises college students to study short-hand writing, and to try, "at least for a time in their lives, the experiment of totally abstaining from alcoholic stimulants." The president of a college in Wales informs his students that it is a bad error to suppose that the study required of them is for the sake of the examinations; "on the contrary, examinations are for the sake of the study;" and that "athletic exercise of the body is necessary to render the mind healthy."

—From the London *Times*: "Those who know Mr. MAPLESON will readily believe that so experienced an impresario would not enter the arena unless he were to some extent secured from pecuniary loss. Mr. ABBEY, on the other hand, is believed to be supported by the enormous financial prestige of the name of VANDERBILT. That American CRŒSUS might say with Heartwell, in CONGREVE'S *Old Bachelor*: 'Why, 'twas I sung and danced; I gave music to the voice, and life to the measures. Look you here, Sylvia' (pulling out a purse and chinking it), 'here are songs and dances, poetry and music. Hark! how sweetly one guinea rhymes to another, and how they dance to the music of their own chink!' Upon the question whether he or the rival financiers at the other theatre will the sooner grow tired of producing this agreeable but very expensive 'chink,' the final victory of the Metropolitan Opera-house or the Academy of Music will largely depend."

—Field-Marshal VON MOLTKE, now eighty-four years old, is in the habit of rising early. He works till the hour of his simple dinner, having always his snuff-box near him, as was the custom of FREDERICK the Great. He smokes some too, but usually only in the forenoon. His afternoons are given to paying or receiving visits, and his evenings to whist, a favorite pastime which the old soldier did not intermit even in the smoke of the Franco-German war. Next to the Emperor, the Field-Marshal is the most popular man in Germany.

—The survivors of the memorable charge at Balaklava have been eating an anniversary dinner, and it is believed that some of them were less spry after the dinner than after the charge.

—Many missions are now established on the banks of the Congo, and the slave-trade has become too hazardous to be carried on. STANLEY's discoveries have shown that the river, with its many tributaries, is of more interest to European settlers than to slave-dealers. Several European governments are now deeply interested in the region, and a simple squabble among traders might result in a European war.

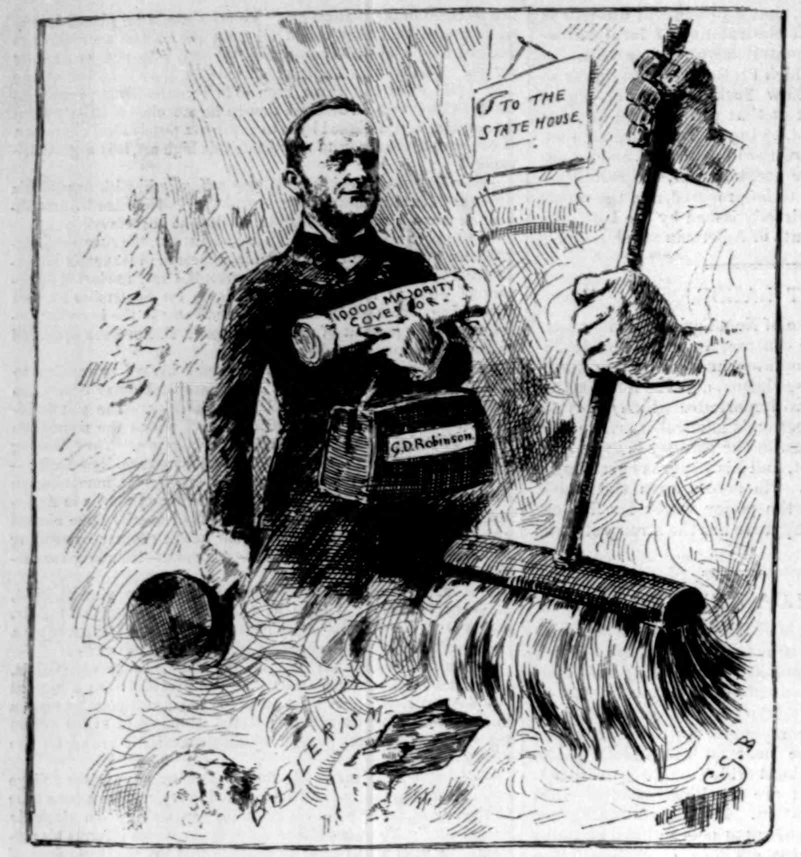
—About ten thousand inhabitants of Newfoundland are cod-fishermen, and the average annual value of the results of their labors is $1,250,000, or $125 per man. It is estimated that, so far as nutritive qualities go, dried cod-fish is to beef as nine to ten. The quantity of dried cod-fish produced during a season is about eighty thousand tons.

—Soothsaying still exists in India, and is complained of as "an unmitigated public nuisance" to the Europeans. Once a week, in a thick, dark, shady grove, at midnight, a soothsayer professes to cast out devils. His howlings and drummings disturb the neighboring sleepers, especially the children, and gather an assemblage of dangerous law-breakers. His favorite process of cure seems to be the administration of a sound beating, particularly in the case of young girls.

—The breakfast given by Sir MOSES MONTEFIORE, the Hebrew philanthropist, in honor of his having entered upon his one-hundredth year, was a brilliant affair. Though not present himself at the table, the distinguished host sent down word from his bedroom that he shared in the feast to the extent of drinking of the wine that had been sanctified for the occasion, and partaking of the bread and salt which, according to Oriental custom, had been passed from guest to guest.

—The total number of Jesuits is now about eleven thousand, and more than half of them are legally excluded from their natural homes. The present General of the Jesuits is eighty-nine years old, and being unable to discharge his duties with satisfaction, has been provided with an assistant, whose title is, "Vicar of the General," and whose age is sixty-four. The Vicar visited America in 1848. He is a learned theologian.

—In a recently published letter from WASHINGTON IRVING to CHARLES DICKENS, the American author asks: "What are my slight and erratic sketches to your ample and complete pictures, which lay all the recesses of human life before us? And then the practical utility, the operative benevolence, which pervade all your portraitures of the lowest life, and give a value and dignity to your honest humor; that exquisite tact which enables you to carry your readers through the veriest dens of vice and villainy without a breath to shock the ear or a stain to sully the robe of the most shrinking delicacy. It is a rare gift to be able to paint low life, and to be comic without the least taint of vulgarity. I have been dwelling on your comic picturings, but I have found yourself equally the master in the dark and terrible of real life; not the robbers and villains of high-strained romance, and feudal times, and castellated scenes, but the dangerous and desperate villainy that lurks in the midst of the busy world, and besets the every-day haunts of society, and starts up in the path of the plodding citizen, and among the brick walls of the metropolis."


TO THE STATE HOUSE
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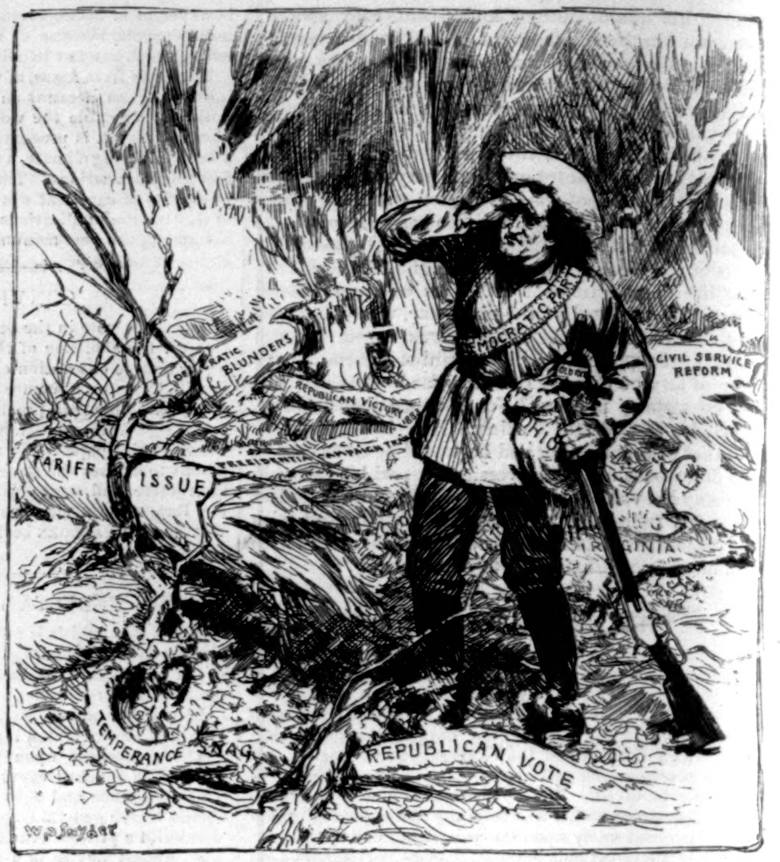
BUTLERISM
C. J. B.

MASSACHUSETTS.

"ONE MINUTE, MR. ROBINSON, WHILE I SWEEP OUT THIS RUBBISH."


DEMOCRATIC BLUNDERS
REPUBLICAN VICTORY 1883
PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN TRAIL
TARIFF
ISSUE
DEMOCRATIC PARTY
OHIO
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
VIRGINIA
TEMPERANCE SNAG
REPUBLICAN VOTE
W. A. Rogers

AFTER THE STORM.

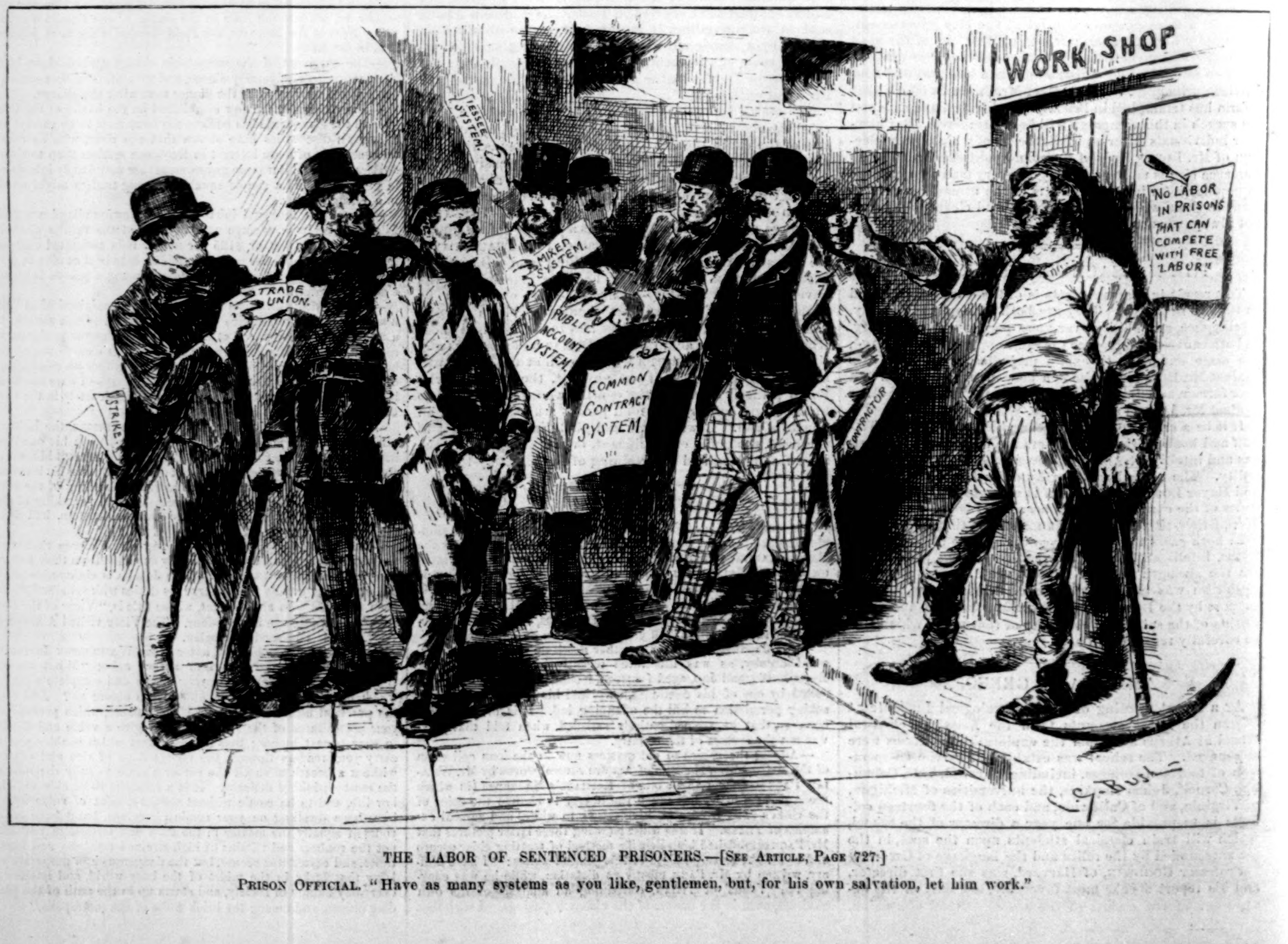
WILL HE EVER BE ABLE TO FIND THE TRAIL AGAIN?

THE LATE GOVERNOR RANDOLPH.

New Jersey loses an incorruptible statesman in the death of ex-Governor **Theodore F. Randolph**, who suddenly succumbed to heart-disease at his home in Morristown, on the 7th of November, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. A descendant of the **Randolphs** of Roanoke, and the son of a member of Congress, the traditions of his house were closely allied to the service of the State; and after reading proof in a newspaper office, and acquiring a fortune by dealing in coal and iron, he became successively a member of Assembly, a State Senator, Governor of New Jersey, and Senator of the United States. While President of the Morris and Essex Railroad Company he caused its stock to double in value. While Governor he secured the abolition of the odious taxes levied upon every passenger who travelled through New Jersey, made the State-prison self-supporting, and by his firmness and promptness prevented a threatened riot against the Orangemen.

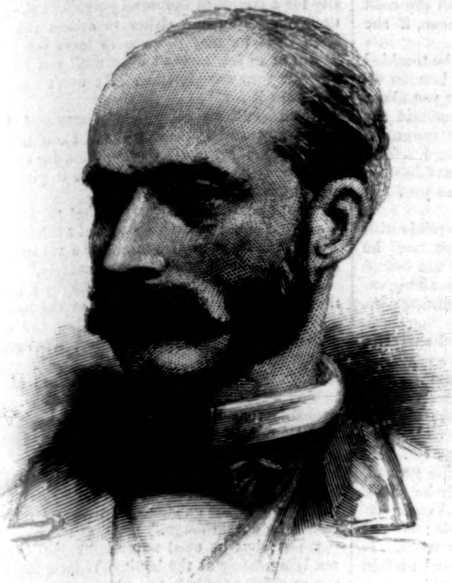
LORD LANSDOWNE.

The new Governor-General of Canada has an illustrious lineage. **Henry Charles Keith Petty FitzMaurice**, Marquis of Lansdowne, traces his origin through the Earls of Kerry to **Walter Fitz-Otho**, Castellan of Windsor in the eleventh century. His grandfather, an eloquent public speaker and enlightened statesman, was Chancellor of the Exchequer and Lord President of the Council. His father was a Lord of the Treasury and Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. One of his ancestors, the first Earl of Kerry, became celebrated for undertaking a survey of Ireland, and in 1666, two years after beginning operations, had completed the measurement of 2,008,000 acres of forfeited land. The present Marquis is no stranger to public life. Having survived the rumor that the dynamiteurs were to pay him attention, he was brilliantly inaugurated in Quebec on the 23d of October. The walls of the Government Building were gayly hung with bunting, and the canopied throne draped with crimson cloth, and decorated with the crests of **Lorne** and **Lansdowne**. On his way to the ceremonies the Marquis, in Governor-General's uniform, with Lady **Lansdowne** by his side, acknowledged the frequent appearance of the crowd that lined the streets. The Royal Commission appointing him to the office was read, and the oath of allegiance administered in the presence of a multitude of distinguished spectators. To the Mayor of Quebec, who had presented an address of welcome, Lord **Lansdowne** expressed thanks, trusting that his cordial reception might prove a happy augury of the relations that would exist between himself and the citizens of Quebec. "I accept the address," he continued, "in the name of the illustrious sovereign whose commission I have the honor to hold, and toward whom the people of the Dominion entertain feelings of loyalty and devotion not less profound than those of her subjects on the other side of the ocean." The citizens of the United States will wish Lord **Lansdowne** a peaceful and prosperous administration.

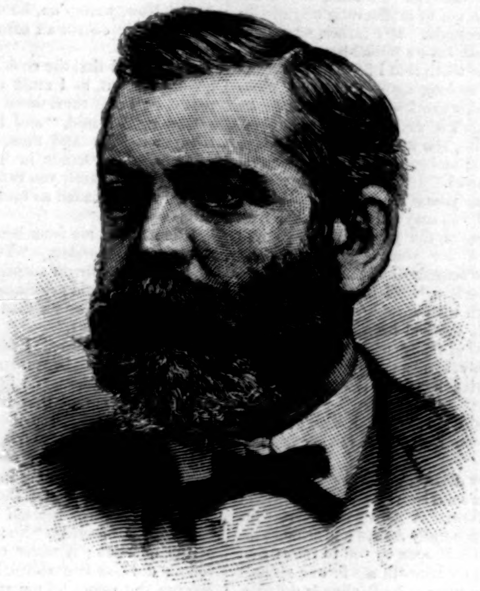

WORK SHOP
LESSEE SYSTEM.
MIXED SYSTEM.
TRADE UNION.
PUBLIC ACCOUNT SYSTEM.
COMMON CONTRACT SYSTEM
STRIKE
CONTRACTOR
"NO LABOR IN PRISONS THAT CAN COMPETE WITH FREE LABOR"
C. G. Bush

THE LABOR OF SENTENCED PRISONERS.—[See Article, Page 727.]

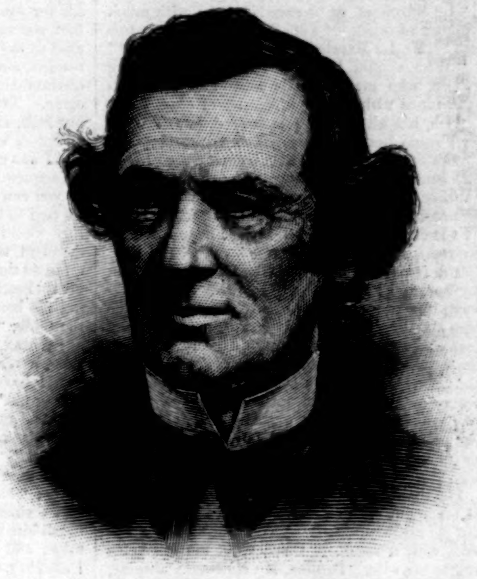
Prison Official. "Have as many systems as you like, gentlemen, but, for his own salvation, let him work."



LORD LANSDOWNE, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY NOTMAN.—[SEE PAGE 724.]



LEON ABBETT, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF NEW JERSEY.
[SEE PAGE 731.]



ROBERT M. McLANE, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF MARYLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY BENDAM.—[SEE PAGE 731.]

THIRLBY HALL.

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HARRY HAS A LITTLE SURPRISE.

AFTER I had helped Lady Constance into her brougham, I walked slowly back to Sloane Street in the gray light of the summer morning. The sun had already risen by the time that I reached my rooms, and I was so hopelessly broad awake that it was ridiculous to think of going to bed. I dropped into an arm-chair, lighted a cigar, and reflected over all that had passed during the night. I was not altogether satisfied. There was a certain vulgarity about the service which I was required to perform. Like Naaman the Syrian, I should have been better pleased if I had been asked to do some great thing; and an idea of the extreme juvenility of my temperament at that epoch may be gathered from the fact that I spent a good hour in idle imaginings and introspections before I realized that the raising of £2000 would not, after all, be a task of the easiest kind. In fact, upon further consideration, I didn't in the least see how the thing was to be done. Unfortunately, the small capital which I had inherited was left, under my father's will, in the hands of trustees until I should have reached the age of five-and-twenty, and was consequently not available; to ask my uncle to advance me the sum was out of the question; and of the ways and requirements of money-lenders I knew next to nothing. It seemed tolerably clear, however, that I should have to seek out some accommodating Hebrew now. The questions were, Where was I to go? and What security was it in my power to offer?

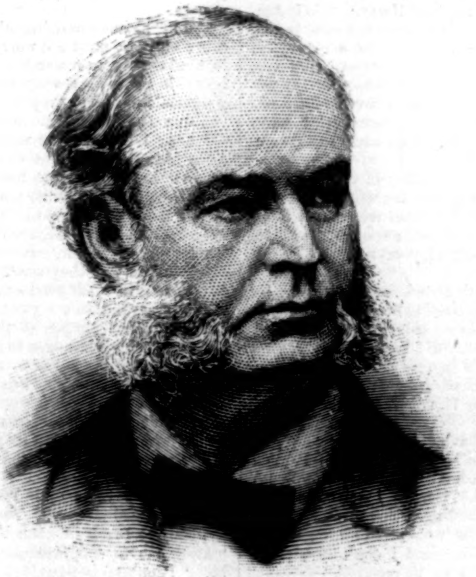
In this strait I bethought me of Harry, whose experience would in all probability prove equal to the emergency, and I determined to consult him forthwith. He had given me his address—Clarence Cottage, Richmond Hill—as I often had occasion to send him a note, and it now occurred to me that I could not spend a fine morning better than by riding down to see him. It was true that he had expressed a strong objection to my doing this; but I thought, nevertheless, that I would chance his displeasure and go. I did not want to lose time, and probably he would be good-natured enough to pardon my intrusion in consideration of the pressing nature of my errand.

After taking a bath and changing my clothes I walked round to the stables, where I saddled my horse, to the astonishment of the sleepy helper, who was the only man about, and rode slowly away westward, enjoying

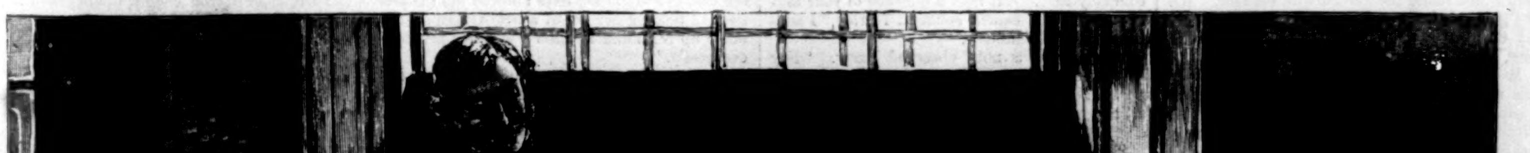
> "The world of pleasant sounds and sights
> That vanish with the dew."

I jogged along easily through Hammersmith and Barnes to Wimbledon, and by indulging my horse with a gallop over the common, and taking a circuitous route across Richmond Park, managed to put off the time until nine o'clock; by which hour Harry would, I presumed, be ready to receive an early visitor. From what he had told me I imagined that Clarence Cottage was situated in a back slum, and was therefore pleasantly surprised when the policeman to whom I applied for information pointed out to me a pretty little rustic dwelling, overgrown with creepers, and standing in a small garden. Having reconnoitred the position, I rode away to stable my horse, and presently returned on foot.

"Chapman?" said the maid-servant who opened the door for



THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR RANDOLPH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON.—[SEE PAGE 724.]



"AND EXAMINED WITH INTEREST THE GLITTERING CONTENTS OF MY LEATHER BOXES."

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

me. "You've come to the wrong house, sir; this is Mr. Le Marchant's."

"Le Marchant, to be sure!" cried I, with much presence of mind. "I shall forget my own name next! Mr. Le Marchant is at home, I suppose?"

"Who should I say, sir?" asked the young woman, who may perhaps have had some acquaintance with the importunities of duns.

"Oh, it's all right," I answered, impatiently; for I could hear the cheerful clatter of plates in a room on the right of the entrance, where Harry was evidently breakfasting. I pushed past her, knocked at the door, and, without waiting for permission, popped my head in, saying, jocosely, "I've run you to earth, you see. I hope I haven't been indiscreet—"

The remainder of my sentence died away upon my lips, and I stood gaping foolishly in the doorway; for the enormity of my indiscretion was now startlingly apparent. Harry, in a shooting coat and slippers, was sitting at the head of the breakfast table; opposite to him, behind the urn and the tea-cups, was a lady of commanding presence—tall, rather stout, rather handsome, with a pair of bold black eyes; while immediately facing me was a little fair-haired boy, who broke the awful stillness by remarking, placidly, "Here's a go!"

For the first moment or two I think Harry was as much put out of countenance as I was myself; but he rallied quickly. "The murder's out," he said, with a smile. "Charley, let me introduce you to my wife. Paulina, Mr. Maxwell. Jimmy, this is your cousin Charles, already known to you by report. You had better go and say 'How do you do?' to him."

The lady behind the urn rose majestically, and made me a sort of stage courtesy, accompanied by an unnatural smile and one of those killing glances which are seldom seen except beyond the foot-lights. "This is, indeed, an unexpected honor!" she said.

"What a truly awful woman!" I thought to myself; but, on the other hand, I felt an immediate liking for the quaint little mortal who slid off his chair, trotted round the table, and held out his hand to me. It was evident that the humor of the scene was perceptible to Jimmy, and that he was enjoying it. His lips were tightly compressed, a dimple had formed itself on his cheek, and his blue eyes were dancing with subdued merriment.

"Why didn't you tell us you were coming?" he asked, with an air of great innocence.

Harry laughed, and I laughed too, which set us both a little more at our ease; but Mrs. Harry called out in a disagreeable, husky voice, "James, go back to your place, sir, and finish your breakfast. He's a spoilt boy, Mr. Maxwell, I am sorry to say. His father does so indulge him that he has no timidity, like a child ought to have. Now let me assist you to some ham and a cup of tea. Or would you like something stronger? I believe there's spirits in the house. Harry, why don't you offer your cousin a brandy-and-soda?"

I didn't dare to raise my eyes from my plate. What poor Harry's feelings must be I could well imagine, though his self-possession enabled him to make the best of a very uncomfortable situation. The others had already finished their breakfast; I swallowed mine with all possible dispatch, and as soon as I had done, Harry, to my great relief, said, "Perhaps you would like to take a turn round the garden with me now. We are going to talk business, Paulina, and I dare say Charley will not see you again before he goes."

Mrs. Le Marchant was kind enough to take this hint. "Delighted to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Maxwell," said she; and, with another sweeping courtesy, she retired, dragging the reluctant Jimmy after her.

"I don't think this quite fair play, Charley," said Harry, when we were left in sole possession of the dining-room.

"My dear fellow," I answered, "I assure you I wouldn't have come here for the world if I had had the slightest idea that I shouldn't find you alone; but how could I guess that you were a married man? I never even dreamed of such a thing!"

Harry looked at me keenly. "Well," he said at last; "I believe you."

"Hang it all!" I exclaimed, with some indignation; "you don't suppose I should tell a lie about it, do you?"

He laughed. "No," he answered; "I don't think you tell lies; but, mind you, there are precious few people in the world of whom I should venture to say that. I don't suspect you of meaning to steal a march upon me; but whether you meant it or not, that is what you have done. You are in the position of a man who has overheard something that he was not intended to hear. He can either take advantage of his discovery or he can dismiss it from his mind. A good many people—I myself, for example—would probably adopt the former course; others would consider that their duty as gentlemen obliged them to adopt the latter. I should think that you were one of the others."

"Well," I replied, "I suppose I am; but at the same time I can't see why you should wish to be so mysterious. I suppose that—lady *is* your wife?"

"Yes; that—lady is my wife," answered Harry, mimicking my momentary hesitation. "Which, I should think, will sufficiently explain my desire for mystery."

This was a little awkward. I shifted my ground, and asked, "Have you been long married?"

"Twelve years," answered Harry, with a sigh. "Jimmy's just turned eleven. Poor little beggar! I sometimes wish he had never been born. Now I suppose you would like to hear who my wife was, and all that?"

"If you don't mind telling me," I answered.

"I can't say that I much enjoy talking about it; but since you know now that I am married, you may as well know the rest. Paulina, as you can see for yourself, is not of aristocratic origin. In fact, she was a bar-maid. Her father, who, I am glad to say, is dead, kept a public-house at Newmarket, and it was there that I first made her acquaintance, ever so long ago—before my *fiasco* came. Afterward, when I was awfully down on my luck, and hadn't a soul in the world to exchange a word with, she used to be kind to me, and I was grateful; and so—so the natural stupid consequence followed. If by any stretch of fancy you can imagine yourself a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail, you may guess what your feelings would be toward the person who took the dreadful thing off for you. Paulina couldn't quite do that; but sometimes she made me forget my tin kettle. I declare," exclaimed Harry, bringing his hand down with a resounding slap upon the table, "that if she had been as old and ugly as Sycorax, instead of being, what she was at that time, a remarkably handsome young woman, I would have married her, and thanked her for taking me."

"And quite right too!" cried I, with generous enthusiasm. "I admire you for having done as you did."

"You are very flattering," answered Harry, dryly; "but I don't advise you to display flattery in its sincerest form. A man who marries beneath him pretty generally makes a grievous mistake; and though it is open to you to retort that I couldn't well marry beneath me in one sense, I could and did in another. As Paulina is my wife, it would perhaps be in better taste not to criticise her; but, strictly between ourselves, I may whisper to you that she has certain small defects."

I said I was sorry for that.

"So am I sorry," rejoined Harry. "So is Jimmy. Jimmy don't like having his ears boxed, and I myself have a weakness for a quiet life; whereas Paulina prefers a stormy one. However, what can't be cured must be endured. Do you begin to understand now why I have so little ambition to see my father kill the fatted calf? And do you also perceive why I am unable to go and fight the Russians?"

"Yes," I said, "I see that you couldn't have enlisted; but I believe you are wrong about my uncle. He has distinctly told me several times that if you married and had a son, he should reconsider the question of your right to inherit Thirlby."

Harry was evidently struck for a moment. He changed color, and seemed to breathe more quickly. "You never told me this before," he said.

"Didn't I? I thought I had. Anyhow, so it is; and I hope you'll lose no time in letting him know the truth. If all goes well, I shall meet you and your wife at Thirlby before the summer is over."

Harry burst into a laugh. "I beg your pardon," said he; "but really the idea of Paulina at Thirlby was too comical. For the hundredth time, my dear Charley, let me assure you that my troubles are past mending. You can't seriously suppose that my father would consent to sit down to dinner with Paulina, and I don't care to go where my wife would not be received."

"What nonsense! Of course she would be received," I said; but I couldn't help thinking that, though my uncle might consent to receive his son's wife, he would hardly be able to stand her company long. "It isn't a question of your taking up your permanent abode at Thirlby," I added, not very felicitously.

"Happily, it is not," observed Harry. "Nor is it even a question of our taking up our temporary abode there. Many thanks, Charley; but, all things considered, I prefer my crust of bread and liberty."

"That is all very well," said I; "but do you think you have any right to ruin your son?"

Harry's face softened. "Poor little chap!" he muttered. "You have no idea, Charley, what a clever child that is—as sharp as a needle, and the most independent young rascal you ever saw. He'd think nothing of walking off to the station all by himself and taking his ticket for London. Sometimes he swears he'll do it when his mother has one of her little fits of temper on."

"What are you going to do with him?" I asked. "You will have to send him to school one of these days, I suppose."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so; but he is young yet, and small for his age. I have taught him to read and write; but, barring those accomplishments, he is as ignorant as a savage."

At this moment the subject of our remarks strolled toward us across the garden, whither we had betaken ourselves, and Harry called out:

"Jimmy, my boy, do you know that your cousin has been telling me I shall have to send you to school before long? What do you think of that?"

Jimmy, after considering the question for a short space, replied, well, he shouldn't mind, if it was a school where there was no whipping.

"Gets enough of that at home, by George!" muttered Harry, under his breath.

I took upon myself to assure Jimmy that it was only naughty boys who were whipped at school, and expressed a hope that he was not a naughty boy, to which he replied that he was not. He then approached me more closely, did me the honor to examine my watch and chain, and, after making further personal investigations, inquired where I lived. This gave me an opening by which I felt that I ought to profit, and I answered that at present I had rooms in London; but that when I was at home I lived down in the country, at a place where there was any amount of fishing, sea and fresh-water bathing, trees admirably adapted for juvenile climbers, and a well-stocked kitchen-garden. "Wouldn't you like to come and see me there?" I asked.

Jimmy nodded. "All right," he said, with business-like promptitude; "when shall I come?"

"The very next time that Sunday falls in the middle of the week," interrupted his father, hastily. "Now, young 'un, be off, and tell the cook to give your cousin an eatable luncheon, if she can."

I explained that the cook need not be troubled on my account, as I must return to London directly. "I only came down to consult you about something," I said, "and I have overstaid my time as it is." And then, as Jimmy sauntered away, with his hands in his pockets, I added, "Now, Harry, surely you can't be so hard-hearted and so wrong-headed as to deprive that poor boy of his own."

He looked at me from beneath his eyelids with a curious expression. "You surprise me," he said—"you really do surprise me. I am bound to believe that you are sincere; but in all my experience I never met a man so confoundedly eager to ruin himself."

"In the first place," I answered, "I shall not ruin myself at all, because my uncle won't leave me unprovided for; and in the second place, I have a superstition that ill-gotten gains never bring luck. Do be sensible, and make up your mind to write home at once."

For a moment Harry seemed to waver. He remained silent, frowning intently at the ground, and buried in thought. But presently he shook his head, and threw himself back in his chair, exclaiming, half-angrily, "No; it won't do; it's out of the question; it never could be worked. It sounds devilish ungrateful, I know, but I wish to Heaven you would let my affairs alone!"

He spoke with a good deal of agitation, and I flattered myself that I had moved him; though it might be more polite to say nothing further just then. "Anyhow, you'll think it over," I urged.

"Yes," he answered, impatiently, "I'll think it over; only you must not worry me; and you will be kind enough to remember that you are really bound in honor to secrecy this time. Now, for goodness' sake, let us drop the subject. You said you wanted to consult me about something."

"Yes; I thought you might be able to give me a hint as to the best way of raising a little ready money. I have to find £2000 as quickly as possible, and I know no more how to set about it than a baby. I suppose there are people who would accommodate me, are there not?"

"Heaps of people," answered Harry; "the only thing is that they won't do it very cheaply. Solomons is about as good a man as any of them; that's to say, he isn't a greater thief than most. But if it is a question of paying tradesmen, I should strongly advise you to let it alone. They'll give you credit for a year or two, and, if they are at all decent people, they won't charge you interest, don't you see."

"It isn't a question of paying trades-people," I answered; "it's—it's—in point of fact, it's a rather pressing call that has been made upon me."

Harry raised his eyebrows, and stroked his mustache meditatively. Then a light seemed suddenly to break in upon him, and he smiled. "Allow me to congratulate you, Charley," said he. "I don't know what idea you may have formed of Lady Constance Milner: many people would tell you that she isn't the woman to stick at a trifle. But I have known her, off and on, for a good many years, and I have no hesitation in saying that she would not have allowed you the privilege of helping her out of a hole unless she had made up her mind to allow you other privileges eventually."

I was not by any means equally sure of this, and I was vexed with myself for having so stupidly let out what I ought to have been most careful to conceal. "I said nothing about Lady Constance Milner," I remarked, coldly, knowing, nevertheless, that this disclaimer was not likely to carry much conviction with it.

"To be sure you didn't," Harry agreed, with a slight smile. "What you want this money for is to make a remunerative investment in the savings-bank; that is understood. Still, if you had required it for Lady Constance, I think I should have had good reason to congratulate you. As it is, permit me to withdraw my congratulations and to come to the point. Well, Solomons will let you have the two thousand, I have no doubt: only you will have to pay something like two thousand five hundred for it, you know, and the question is, will you be in a position to do that some six months hence?"

I was obliged to confess that I saw no reason at all for supposing that I should.

"H'm—you can't sell out any principal?"

"Not yet awhile, unfortunately."

"And you wouldn't like to apply to my father, I suppose?"

"Not upon any consideration whatever!"

"Ah! And yet it looks very much as if you would have to apply to him in the long-run. See here, Charley—you need not trust me unless you like; and if you only want me to give you the addresses of a few money-lenders, of course I can do that, and say no more about it. But if you would allow me to speak to you as one friend may to another, I would try to advise you to the best of my ability."

"Well," I said, after a moment's consideration, "I should be very much obliged to you if you would advise me. There isn't much use in my pretending that the money is not for Lady Constance."

"Then," said Harry, "I will put the case before you plainly as it appears to me. I think you have just two alternatives—the first is to tell Lady Constance point-blank that you can't find the money, and take your chance of what may follow. What *will* follow will almost certainly be that she will marry our friend Sotheran before the end of the season; and that might be the very best solution of the difficulty, so far as you are concerned—I don't say it wouldn't. Nevertheless, as I have told you before, I shall be sorry if it comes to that. Your second alternative is to tell my father that you have an urgent necessity for a couple of thousand pounds, at the same time requesting him either to deduct that sum from what he may propose to leave you at his death, or to let it stand over until you can dispose of your own fortune. He won't ask what you want it for."

"Neither alternative will do," I answered. "The first is not worth discussing, and I couldn't face the second. My uncle wouldn't ask for explanations, perhaps; but I should have to give them all the same."

"I am sorry," said Harry, "that my imagination is not equal to the discovery of a third course. You haven't a stud of hunters or a valuable picture or two to dispose of, unfortunately."

"I tell you what," I said, struck by a sudden thought: "I have some jewels at the banker's which used to belong to my mother, and which are worth a good lot of money, I believe. I might just as well sell them. The idea was that they were to go to my wife; but I am not bound in any way, and as it is in the last degree improbable that I shall ever marry, I sha'n't feel that I am defrauding that mythical lady by parting with them."

"Upon my word I don't think you could do better," said Harry, meditatively. "Does my father know of the existence of these jewels? Of course he does, though."

"Yes; but he need never know that they are not lying safely at the bank. What a fool I was not to think of this before!"

I could not help regretting a little now that I had unnecessarily taken Harry into my confidence; and he did not lessen this regret by remarking, with a smile: "There is a certain appropriateness about the arrangement, too. Lady Constance will get her money instead of her diamonds; that's all. Moreover, when you tell her what you have done, she will feel a great deal more bound to you—that is, unless she is very unlike other women—than she would have felt if you had raised the money in a more expensive and troublesome way. So that you will score all round."

"Good gracious me!" I exclaimed, in some disgust: "you don't suppose that I am going to tell her anything about it, do you? Of course I don't want her to think herself under the smallest obligation to me."

"I am justly rebuked," said Harry; "but really you must not look for delicacy of feeling in me. The bloom was rubbed off the peach a great, great many years ago, and I confess that I can't even understand now why a man should disdain to take his profit out of circumstances. However, I dare say you are right, and I am glad you will not need to trouble Solomons."

Soon afterward I got up to go, and Harry accompanied me through the cottage, where we encountered Mrs. Le Marchant, looking somewhat flushed and perturbed. From the anxious manner in which she scrutinized us I fancied that she was in doubt whether to regard me as a friend or an enemy; so, to make her mind easy, I said: "I hope you will allow me to call upon you again some day, now that we have become acquainted. I should like to see more of my friend Jimmy, too."

"Well, I'm sure you're very kind," she answered, glancing dubiously at her husband, who said:

"Oh, come if you choose, Charley, and if the Foreign Office can spare you. I trust you implicitly not to reveal the existence of Paulina and Jimmy; and as for myself, you know it is always a treat to me to have a visit from you."

"Indeed, sir, I think it would do him good if you was to come sometimes," said Mrs. Le Marchant, suddenly dropping her fine-lady manner, and speaking quite naturally and humbly. "He don't see many friends."

"Then you may expect me very soon," answered I, shaking hands with them both. I turned to look at them as I unfastened the garden gate, and my heart was filled with compassion for them. Poor, flushed Paulina, with her hand resting upon her husband's shoulder; Harry, pale and listless, leaning in the doorway—there was a whole drama in that little vignette of a coarse, loving, passionate woman, and a weary man who has outlived love and passion, who only asks for peace, and is disgusted by outbreaks which he unconsciously arouses: a drama which has been enacted by thousands of couples in all ranks of life since the world began, and which will continue to be enacted, one may suppose, till the end of the chapter.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. SOTHERAN FIGHTS AND RUNS AWAY.

THE next day I went down to Yarmouth and got my jewels from the bank, where they had lain hid for so many years. By good luck, I met with no acquaintances in the course of my hurried visit to the town; but I must have had a narrow escape of making the return journey to London in company that would have been a little embarrassing; for, on reaching Sloane Street, I found a note from George Warren telling me that he had only that afternoon left home to join the ship which was to take him to Sydney.

"I need not say how sorry I am not to shake hands with you before I start," George wrote. "I thought I should be able to manage it; but there was a hurry at the last moment; and so here I am on board ship and expecting to be down the river by early morning. Of course, when I saw you the other day, I had no idea of sailing so soon. The opportunity came, however, and it was best in every way to profit by it. I think you will be glad to hear that Miss Dennison and I parted friends, and that she has promised to write to me sometimes. She was very kind". . . . (here a few lines were carefully erased). "I suppose you and most other people would think friendship a poor substitute for love; but

I don't look at it in that way. I don't want to lose *everything*, you see."

The letter concluded with some warmer professions of regard than George generally allowed himself to use. It made me very sorry to think that I should see his kind, honest face no more till years had altered it, and I folded up his letter with a rather heavy heart. In this world of change and compensation acquaintances, friends, lovers even, come and go; vacant places are filled, and profit and loss balance up against one another as the years roll by; but the friend of one's boyhood can never be replaced. I had several engagements for that night, but I neglected them all, and went early to bed, where I lay awake for some time, meditating upon the contrariness of things.

However, I fell asleep at length, and when morning came I had the best antidote for sorrow in the shape of a multiplicity of duties, not the least of which was the speedy converting of my jewels into coin. In order to effect this, I thought my wisest course would be to address myself to the old-fashioned but highly respectable jewellers with whom our family had had dealings for many years, and I accordingly drove to Bond Street as soon as I had finished my breakfast.

Old Mr. Jacobson, the senior partner of the firm of Jacobson & Lawson, received me in a dark little parlor behind his shop, and examined with interest the glittering contents of my leather boxes, which made a sufficiently imposing show when spread out upon velvet.

"Do I understand you that you wish to *sell* these family jewels, sir?" he inquired, in a tone of surprise not unmingled with reproach.

I said that I did, and that I wanted £2000 for them; which caused the old man to smile.

"Stones can not be valued, sir, in a moment," he replied; "still, I have no doubt that I could tell you, on referring back to our books, what was the original price paid for most of these. But, if you will excuse the liberty of my saying so, sir, it seems a pity that you should part with them, when a temporary advance is perhaps all that you require. Young gentlemen often want a few odd hundreds; and I am sure we should be most happy—"

"Well," I said, "I must have a couple of thousand. Can I borrow that much upon the security of my jewels?"

The old man looked grave. "Speaking at a rough guess, sir, I should say that would be the full value of the stones," he answered. "I can consult my partner upon the subject; but I almost doubt—"

"Don't doubt, Mr. Jacobson," I interrupted, "and don't trouble yourself to consult your partner. I have no feeling at all about parting with these trinkets: I have no associations connected with them: and I shall be only too glad if you will buy them of me for whatever you may think them worth. I know I can trust you to pay me a fair price. I'll leave them with you now, and, as I'm in rather a hurry for the money, perhaps you could let me have it by five o'clock this evening. And, by-the-way, Mr. Jacobson, it would suit me better to be paid in bank-notes than by check."

"Very good, sir," replied the old jeweller, who had now evidently made up his mind that I was a second Charles Surface, and that remonstrances would be thrown away upon me. "It is generally thought unwise to carry a large sum in bank-notes about the streets; but I will take care that they shall be ready for you, since you desire it."

I had made this request partly because I did not wish that Lady Constance's name should appear in my banker's book, and partly because I promised myself a certain satisfaction from placing the actual tangible money in her hands. When I called again at five o'clock Mr. Jacobson counted me out £2500 in notes, and regretted his inability to treat with me upon more liberal terms.

"I am perfectly satisfied with the price, thank you," said I. "In fact, it is £500 more than I want."

I then signed a receipt, stuffed my notes into my pocket, and set off for Hill Street in a mood of joyous anticipation.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LABOR OF SENTENCED PRISONERS.

The number of convicts in the United States has now become so great that the economic and humanitarian questions which arise in regard to their labor have assumed importance in all parts of the country. In New York the question of continuing what is called "contract labor" in the State-prisons was submitted to a vote of the people at the late election, and a very large vote was cast in favor of its abolition. In Ohio the same question has been referred to a special commission, of which Mr. W. J. Patterson, of Cleveland, is chairman, for report to the new Legislature next winter, with a view to final action. In California "contract labor" in prisons was some time since forbidden by the revised Constitution, and in several other States of the North this issue is yearly made and often discussed. At the South that special form of contract labor for convicts the so-called "lessee system" is in general use, but has been severely attacked by many Southern men, among whom is Mr. George W. Cable, the New Orleans novelist, who read a trenchant paper on this subject before the recent Conference of Charities at Louisville, Kentucky. At the same meeting an able report on the whole matter of convict labor was read by Mr. T. R. Brockway, of the Elmira Reformatory, whose long experience as a prison officer, employing labor under all forms of direction, gave great weight to what he said. Mr. Brockway began as a prison officer under the late Amos Pilsbury, about forty years ago, and served with that successful prison manager in the Albany Penitentiary for many years; then went to Rochester, New York, where he built and managed a county prison for some years; then was invited to build and manage the House of Correction at Detroit, Michigan, which he carried on successfully for ten years; and has been at the head of the New York State Reformatory at Elmira (which is a prison for young convicts) ever since it was opened. In these different prisons Mr. Brockway has tried for years the different systems of employing convict labor, and is therefore competent, if any man is, to judge which is the best. He is also thoroughly acquainted with the convict class, and with those men who unfortunately get prison sentences without belonging to that class; he knows what motives act upon their minds, and what is best suited to keep them in honest courses after they leave the prison workshops. Indeed, no man except the late Dr. Wines has made so thorough a study of the whole subject of prison discipline in America as Mr. Brockway, while he has the great advantage over every theoretic student or special observer that his life has been spent among the class of whom he writes. What, then, does Mr. Brockway recommend at this crisis of the labor question in American prisons?

Let us premise that there are but three main modes of employing the labor of the 45,000 convicts (more or less) who at this moment are at work under sentence within or outside of the 130 convict prisons of the United States. These are:

1. *The Public Account System*, by which the State, county, city, or other jurisdiction to which the prison belongs furnishes stock for the convicts to work up, and sells the product of their labor.

2. *The Common Contract System*, by which certain contractors furnish the stock, machinery, or other appliances for labor, and pay the prison authorities so much a day or so much a year for the labor of each man. This system also includes the lessee system of the South, but, as commonly enforced in Northern prisons, it lacks the worst features of that system.

3. *The Mixed System*, or, as Mr. Brockway calls it, "The Piece-price Plan," by which the prison authorities direct the labor without the intervention of contractors or their employés, but have contracts with manufacturers outside the prison to supply stock, and take the finished product at a certain specified price per article, thus avoiding the day's work price and the supervision of the convicts while at work by men who have no higher interest than salaries or profits in their management of prisoners.

Numerous modifications of these three main systems are found in operation in different parts of the country, and the three may even be combined in a single prison. The first two named are often so combined; indeed, there is scarcely a prison in the land where some of the convicts are not at work directly for the public without the intervention of contractors. The lessee system, by which a single contractor guarantees to support the convicts, and to pay so much a year for their labor, working them either inside the prison, or on railroads, cotton plantations, rice fields, etc., is almost wholly confined to the former Slave States, and applies mainly to colored convicts, who now fill the Southern prisons, though there are many white men also working under lessees. In its administration this system is a survival of slavery in another form, and is set aside at once by Mr. Brockway as inadmissible where prisons are to be well managed.

Mr. Brockway's objection to the Public Account System, which he introduced into his prison at Detroit and into the Elmira Reformatory, is twofold—its financial risk and its direct interference with the outside labor market. To carry on the penitentiaries and State-prisons of New York upon this system would require, he says, a "plant," or first investment, of $5,000,000; and though it would in ordinary times be more profitable as well as more humane than the Common Contract System, there would be crises in financial affairs when it would subject the State to heavy and immediate loss, which would discredit it as an exclusive system. Moreover, he thinks it inexpedient, perhaps unjust, for the State, with all its resources, to enter into competition with private citizens whose business it is to manufacture goods and employ labor. This is a recent thought of Mr. Brockway, and is to be taken for what it is worth economically and politically. Such reasoning, if carried out, would prevent the State and national governments from doing many things which they now do without question.

The Common Contract System has certain advantages, which have led to its adoption almost everywhere in America for the whole or some considerable part of the employment of convicts. It requires no "plant," or fixed investment by the public, beyond what is necessary for the restraint and occupation of prisoners, since the contractor puts in his own machinery, and sometimes, as in the Massachusetts State-prison, pays for the steam-power and water-supply needed in his manufacture. It exposes the prison to no sudden financial risk, and may be so managed as to make the convicts self-supporting for a period of years, as has been done recently in New York, and for a long time in smaller States, like Connecticut, Maine, and New Hampshire. Moreover—and this is a great argument for it—the Common Contract System allows such a variety of trades to be taught in a prison (and of trades that are actually carried on in the neighborhood of the prison) that the discharged convicts can go out with an occupation ready for them, and oftentimes an employer who will well remunerate their skilled labor. All these advantages Mr. Brockway states, and adds that, under proper supervision, this system can be made to work well for the prisoners in other respects. But it is open to many abuses, which have seriously discredited it, such as overtaxing the strength of the convicts, introducing letters, articles of barter (tobacco and liquor among them), interfering with the discipline of the prison, and making the public officials of small account as compared with the contractor and his foremen, reducing everything to a basis of dollars and cents, keeping school instruction and moral education away from the prisoners, allowing a hurtful intercommunication between convicts in the bustle of the workshops, and sowing jealousies and rancor among them on account of favors granted or withheld by the employers of labor. Add to this that there is a constant clamor from free laborers outside—oftentimes from men who have learned their trade in a prison, or from the trades-unions, which seek to monopolize work for their own members—against the rich contractors whose low-priced prison labor enables them to undersell other manufacturers, and yet make large profits themselves. All these concomitants of the contract system, taken in connection with the present state of politics in cities and large towns, lead Mr. Brockway to think that "the contract system must go," as the cant phrase is, or, at any rate, that its usefulness in the common form is much impaired. He therefore advocated and recommended, both at the Louisville Conference and at the Saratoga meeting of the National Prison Association, what he calls the "Piece-price Plan," against which he thought there were few objections, except the alliteration of its name.

This *Mixed System* combines the best features of the Public Account and the Contract systems, inasmuch as it removes the financial risks of the former, while retaining direct supervision by the prison authorities over their convicts, and yet dispenses with those adjuncts of the Contract System which have made it most offensive to the outside public. It is the system already largely adopted in juvenile reformatories, where the contractors furnish stock, and pay so much for each chair that is seated, each garment that is made, etc., but do not pick and choose their laborers, nor pay so much a day—always a small sum compared with the wages of free laborers—for the enforced task of a convict. At the same time it permits a variety of trades to be taught in prisons, and fits the convicts for good places at good wages when they are discharged. This system has been introduced in Mr. Brockway's own prison at Elmira, where it brings a good revenue without interfering with the admirable arrangement of school instruction and moral education that has long been in force there. It will probably be the form which the Common Contract and Lessee systems will take to naturally when they can no longer be continued in any prison or any State; for it is still a contract system, though guarded at every point to secure the public interest and the good of the prisoner.

There is yet a fourth course open in regard to convicts—and it is that to which the cant of demagogues and the blind selfishness of trades-unions and of too many capitalists may in some sections drive the prison authorities. This is the complete idleness of convicts for want of any labor which contractors will pay for or demagogues allow their followers to vote for. The argument for prison labor is briefly this: the convict is no better than the free laborer, who is compelled both to support himself and to pay his taxes. The least that the convict can do, then, is to work all day at some remunerative labor, so that the honest man outside may not have to maintain both himself and an individual interest in some idle rascal at Sing Sing, Philadelphia, Joliet, or Concord. This aspect of the matter does not seem to occur to the honest workmen who oppose labor in prisons, but it is the whole question in a nutshell. "No labor in prisons that can compete with free labor," is a cry which simply means "No labor in prisons at all," or at best that stupid and tiresome labor of crank and tread-mill which used to be in vogue in England. Some years ago, when Wendell Phillips in Massachusetts was running for Governor on the two tickets of Labor Reform and Prohibition, a Worcester wag invented this double campaign slogan for his beery and his austere followers: "No Labor Between Meals; Prohibition Between Drinks." The platform of those who are seeking to disorganize prison labor is less Hudibrastic than this, but not less absurd. The convict, even more than the free man, needs constant labor, which will occupy both his hands and his thoughts, and keep him from those forms of self-destruction and moral death which idleness in prison invites. He needs also, for he has seldom had it, a training in some useful pursuit, and in those habits of industry which will enable him to avoid crime when he goes out into the world again. For these purposes any system of prison labor is better than none; but perhaps none offers such varied facilities as Mr. Brockway's "Piece-price Plan."

F. B. Sanborn.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The Chief Commissioner of Japan at the Foreign Exhibition in Boston gave a dinner on November 3 in honor of the birthday of his sovereign. In his speech Commissioner Takahashi was able to say with pardonable pride that the dynasty represented by the present Emperor has been in continuous existence for over twenty-five hundred years—a much longer period than has elapsed since the erection of even the Old South Church. He closed by proposing the health of the Emperor of Japan and of the President of the United States. A cable message congratulating the Emperor on seeing his thirty-third birthday was sent from the banquet hall. Dr. Holmes was among the sixty guests, and made a short speech full of characteristic good-humor.

Information comes by the way of Boston that there is serious disappointment in New York because it has turned out that full evening suits are not *de rigueur* at the opera this season. Some of the wealthy patrons, it is averred, attend indifferently in frock-coats, boldly in cut-aways, and brazenly in checked business suits. Boston should understand that there are two temples of grand opera, many of other sorts of opera, and several houses where dramatic stars nightly shine in this large sea-port town, and it may be necessary for our business men to hasten from their offices in Cardigan jackets in order to do the season justice.

A correspondent writing from this city says that one of the objects of Lord Coleridge in coming to the United States was to establish his son in business. Incidentally the following rather improbable story is told: Two young ladies were visiting at the house of a lady in this city. A young New-Yorker and the son of Lord Coleridge called. The dress, manner, and conversation of the young gentleman of New York were so excessively "English" that the young ladies addressed him as Mr. Coleridge, believing that they had made a mistake in understanding at the time the young men were presented that the caller of quiet manner and sensible way of speaking was the son of the Chief Justice. The story has it that the hostess set them right after the young men had departed, she having found them severely criticising the lack of good-breeding in the one whom they had mistaken for the young Englishman. The improbability of the story is in assuming that two fairly bright New York girls could mistake a "dude" for anything not artificial.

Due regard for the fitness of things requires that the worthy men who purvey oysters in public places should exercise a little more care in the distribution of card-board signs on the exposed samples of raw material in front of their places of business. The sign "Saddle Rocks" in a basket of cabbages, or the placard "Blue Points" over an array of red lobsters, or the label "Little Necks" on some bunches of celery, is confusing to the epicure.

Apropos of the traffic in church livings in England, and especially of an advertisement which offers for sale "a desirable rectory in Northamptonshire," with a glebe of seven hundred acres, which might yield an income of twelve hundred pounds a year to "any clergyman having the capital and inclination" to farm it, an English paper suggests that the announcement should have begun in this way: "Wanted—an experienced farmer in holy orders to take charge of a glebe of seven hundred acres with rectory attached."

On a recent afternoon Frank James, the notorious outlaw, was permitted to visit, with his wife and child, the stores of Gallatin, in which place he is still a prisoner of the State of Missouri. On the same day a negro who was accused of stealing a ham was confined in the court-house with a ball and chain.

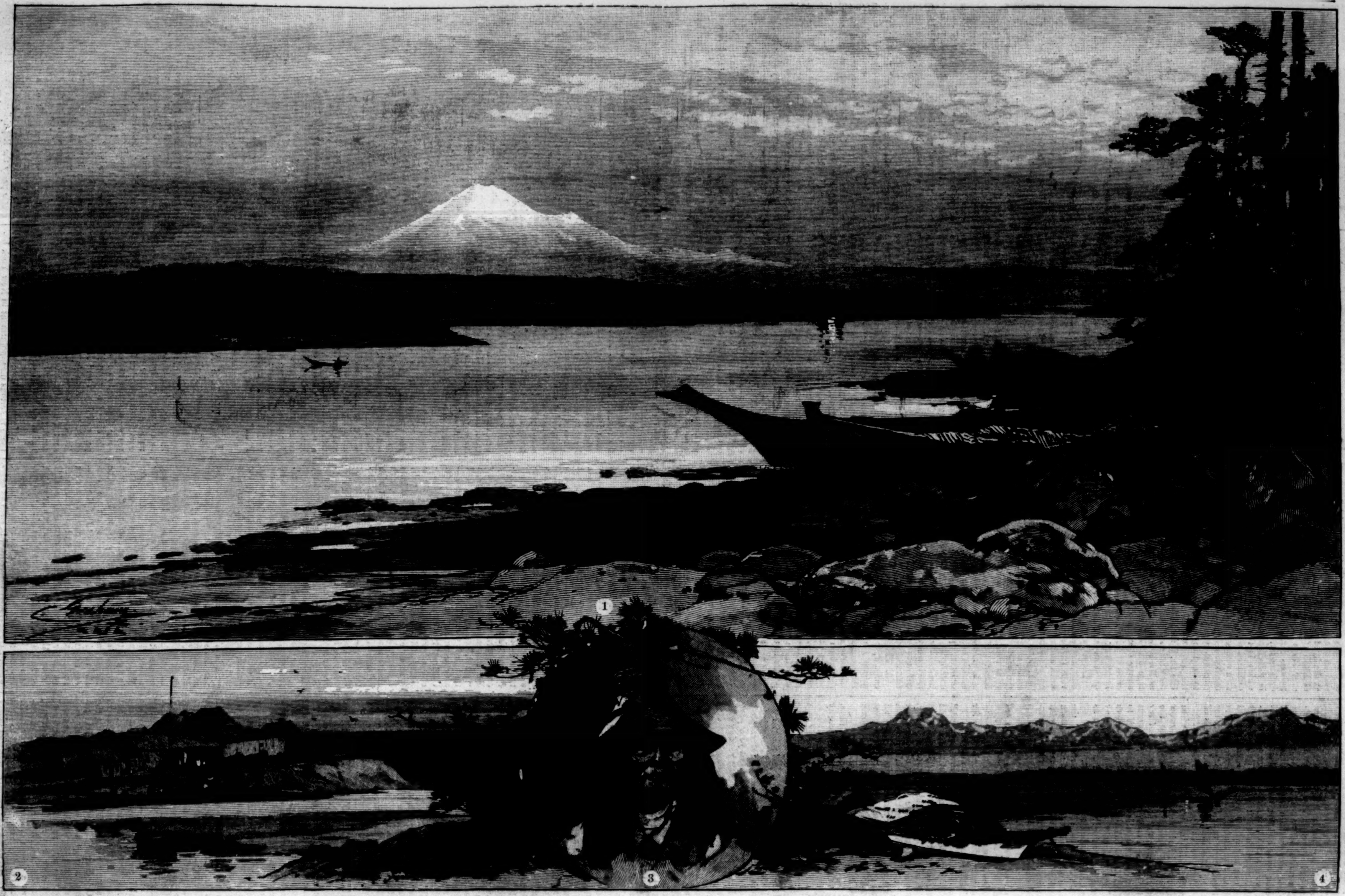
The Boston *Journal* is authority for the statement that one of the Democratic deputy inspectors of election in that city was unable to write his name. Yet that is one of the inabilities which disqualify a man from becoming a voter in Massachusetts under the present law.

At the time of making the change to the new railway standard of time some of the railroads will begin using twenty-four-hour clocks. A clock of this sort for railway use has been finished by a manufacturer in Delaware. The hours are marked on the dial in Roman numerals, at intervals only one-half as great as on the ordinary clock face of the same size. While the hour-hand is making one revolution the minute-hand describes the circle twenty-four times. A train which starts at 23.59 will be about the latest out of any given place.

A Parisian photographer, working without facilities for instantaneous photography, has succeeded in obtaining some very satisfactory pictures of wild beasts in a menagerie. A group of lions proved to be the most acceptable "sitters," and a tigress was the worst subject. It is anticipated that the pictures will be of considerable use to painters and sculptors.

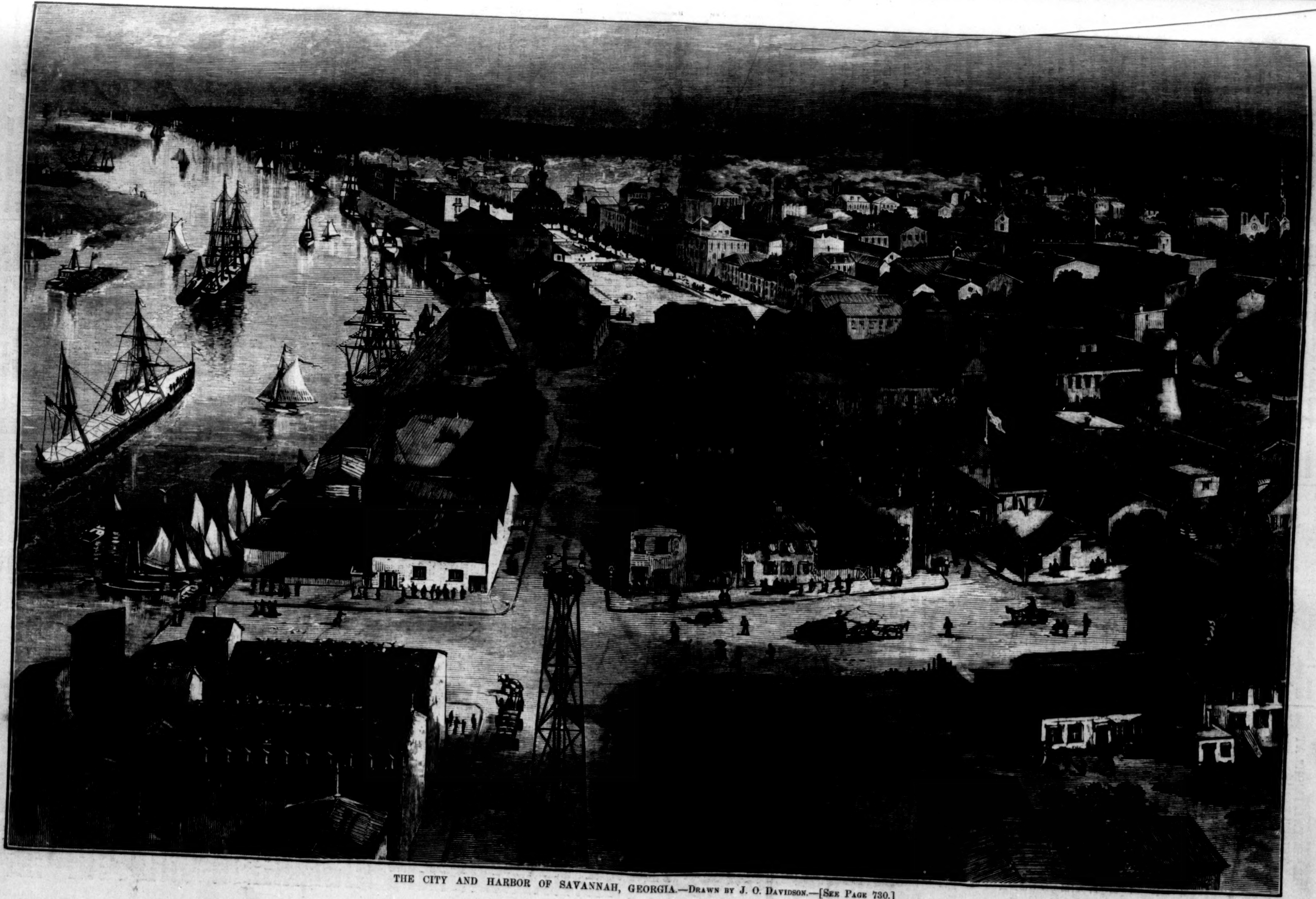
The president of a Vermont college has caused scales to be put in the boarding-hall, and the student boarders are to be weighed monthly. The rest of the scheme has not been unfolded. It is a well-known fact that the fat persons of the earth are not those who eat the most, and that victims of malassimilation are often persons who habitually tarry long at the table. So it is difficult to understand the utility of the monthly weighing of students. If, however, they could be driven on to the scales on their way to the dining-hall and on their way from it, three times a day, perhaps some trustworthy figures as to the acceptableness of the food might be secured.

What has become of the so-called Democratic party of Massachusetts? There is nothing ambiguous in General Butler's situation as a rather badly defeated candidate, and probably he can be found by any sympathizing friend who desires to administer condolence. But that which was known as the Democratic party in the Bay State, and which enjoyed until recently a distinct identity—where is it? Once a year it used to meet in convention, where the highly respectable old gentlemen in it used to occupy the chairs on the stage, and make speeches and read resolutions to the immigrants who filled the benches. Then it used to adjourn *sine die*, feeling each time that it had performed the work of another campaign creditably, and in accordance with honored and stale traditions. That was the kind of Democratic party the Republicans looked kindly upon. It was also a safe sort of Democratic party for the Democrats. It is a pity that it allowed itself to be drawn into active politics.



1. Mt. Baker. 2. Chinook Settlement, Victoria, Vancouver Island. 3. Chinook Indian. 4. The Olympic Range.

SKETCHES IN PUGET SOUND.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 731.]



THE CITY AND HARBOR OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 730.]

THE "ROYAL IRISH" AT TEL-EL-KEBIR.

By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

There's ne'er a lad in all our band
But loves the shamrock green,
Thinks with dimmed eyes of Erin's skies,
And seas that roll between.
Yet on we march through shifting sands,
'Neath stars with ghostly sheen:
Each man goes by content to die
For country and for Queen.

Full well we know there's grief at home
That blights our shamrock fair,
But here we see pure loyalty,
Ready to do and dare.
So on we march 'neath heaven's wide dome,
Dark, quiet, and serene,
To conquer brave or find a grave,
For country and for Queen.

Soft, soft we step, and make no noise,
In silence one and all.
The Egyptian day dawns red and gray—
Who'll see the evening fall?
But be it life or death, my boys,
Let's keep our shamrock green!
Whate'er betide, we lived, we died,
For country and for Queen.

A TURK'S CAP.

AN EXCEEDINGLY BRIEF PARLOR PLAY, PERFORMED ONE NIGHT ONLY.

PERSONAGES MOST CONCERNED THEREIN.

Hope Proctor: a country girl; nineteen; poor in the worldly sense of the word, but rich in goodness, intelligence, and beauty.

Ernest Gaynor: a New York city youth, in love with Hope, spending his vacation in Wildrose; twenty-three; and also poor in the worldly, etc., etc., but rich in goodness, etc., etc.

Madeline Clinton: from San Francisco; twenty-five; very rich in the worldly, etc., etc., but not at all poor in goodness, etc., etc.

Norah Nixon: a native of Milwaukee, at present residing in New York; twenty-eight; in love with Ernest, and tolerably well off in the worldly, etc., etc., but rather poor in goodness, etc., etc.

Nancy Warner: a humble relation of Norah's; of uncertain age and no importance whatever.

I.

Scene: *A large and brilliantly lighted parlor in Grandmother Proctor's very old-fashioned country house. Flowers and vines everywhere. Somebody playing a waltz on the piano, accompanied by somebody on the harp. Breezes laden with the sweets of roses, lilies, and honeysuckles floating in at the open windows. Feminine figures in pink, and masculine figures in blue, all closely masked, dancing or strolling about, with the exception of two pinks, Norah Nixon and Nancy Warner, who are standing just outside of a door leading into the garden, looking on.*

Nancy. And how are you to know her in this crowd of girls all dressed alike?

Norah. Why, haven't I told you? I thought I had. Well, you see, this afternoon I was walking through the lane that divides the hotel from the Furman cottage, and hearing Jessie's voice—which, although I have heard it so seldom, I could recognize by its peculiar lisp anywhere—on the other side of the hedge (she is Hope Proctor's most intimate friend, you know), I stopped to—rest. "I sha'n't be able to get there until quite late," she was saying, "and unless you give me some clew to your identity, Hope, I'm afraid it will be impossible for me to find you out." "I shall wear my favorite Turk's cap," says my lady Hope; "but mind you don't breathe it to another soul, for I don't want to be recognized by any one but you." "All the same, you will be," said I to myself, "and in consequence you will hear some truths about Mr. Ernest Gaynor that may induce you to withdraw your encouraging smiles from that too-willing-to-be-encouraged young gentleman."

Nancy. But why are you so bitter about Ernest, Norah? You used to like him very much once.

Norah. Ah! there's the rub. I did like him very much, and he liked me, and would have liked me more, if this girl, whom he has known only a few weeks, hadn't bewitched him with her big gray eyes, her blushes, and her buttercup-and-daisy ways. But I think I can persuade her to turn those eyes away when he approaches by telling her what he really is, in spite of his *distingué* appearance, and recalling to her mind a promise, of which I happened to hear by the merest chance, that she made her dying mother. She can't afford to marry Ernest, and I can. And I'm going to win him back if possible. Ah! there's a Turk's cap. (*She darts from Nancy's side, follows a tall slender figure whose black satin mask is surmounted by a bright scarlet fez, and quickly overtakes it.*) A word with you, fair maiden.

Scarlet Fez. A hundred, if you like.

Norah. Thank you. A hundred be it, then. That will suit me better. You are trying to discover Ernest Gaynor; I can help you to a greater discovery in regard to that young man than any you have yet made, or are likely, unaided, to make. Do you know who and what he is?

Scarlet Fez. Yes; a handsome, clever, lovable fellow.

Norah. Granted. But none the less the son of a common workman and ex-waiting-maid, and a lower clerk, at a salary of twenty dollars a week, with no hope of promotion, in a merchant's counting-house.

Scarlet Fez. Well?

Norah. Consequently no match for you. You are poor yourself, and entirely dependent upon the caprices of a whimsical old grandmother, who will cut you off completely, as she did your mother, if you marry to displease her.

Scarlet Fez. But suppose we love each other?

Norah. Nonsense! You only met a month ago.

Scarlet Fez. A month! Why, that's a long time. I have heard of people falling in love at first sight.

Norah (*impatiently*). Miss Proctor, do you remember the promise you made your mother a short time before she died?—your mother, who had suffered so long and terribly from poverty. If *you* do not, *I* do. You promised her that never would you marry a man as poor as your father was. And Ernest Gaynor is just as poor. True, your father lacked the energy and strength that the younger man possesses, but it will be years before that energy and strength will avail him anything, and if he were hampered by a family the chances are that they would never avail him anything, but would soon be worn out in a struggle for daily bread. Take the advice of one who is older and much more experienced than you, and who, although a stranger to you, has your interest at heart. Let Ernest Gaynor go, and accept your other suitor, who, with a few more years, has many more dollars. Let him go, Miss Proctor, for truly he can earn barely enough to support in the plainest style himself and his widowed mother, the ex-waiting-maid. (*She turns away, and, gliding through the crowd, rejoins Nancy, while the scarlet fez is seized by a blue domino and whirled off in a mad galop.*)

Nancy. Have you told her?

Norah. Yes, very plainly.

Nancy. What did she say?

Norah. Very little, and that in so low a voice that I could scarcely catch her words. But I think by her manner she was much impressed, and that our friend Ernest will receive his congé to-night. And now I must be ready to try to catch a heart on the rebound.

II.

Scene: *Supper-room. Table spread with various refreshments. Pink dominoes seated. Blue standing behind them. At a given signal all unmask, and the scarlet fez is seen to be resting lightly on the smoothly braided dark brown tresses of Miss Madeline Clinton. Bewildered and surprised, Norah hastily glances around the table. At the opposite corner sits Hope Proctor, a glorious red lily with recurved leaves glowing among her graceful, almost black curls. She looks up with the brightest of smiles into the face of Ernest Gaynor as he bends to whisper something to her.*

Young Man (*attendant on his youthful-looking mother, who sits next to Norah Nixon*). That lovely girl with the Turk's-cap lily in her hair is Hope Proctor, mother; and that handsome chap with her is Ernest Gaynor, her lover, and one of my chums. He met with a great piece of luck to-night, only a little while ago. Miss Clinton, the lady in the scarlet fez, found him out in spite of his masquerading toggery, and to his immense surprise and immenser joy offered him a position on one of her estates that will give him at least five thousand a year. And I suppose the next thing will be invitations to a wedding. Ah! Miss Nixon (*suddenly recognizing her*), good-evening. May I have the pleasure of getting you an ice?

Margaret Eytinge.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

By B. H. Richardson.

Savannah, the chief sea-port city of Georgia, the thirteenth American colony, which was founded in a spirit of true benevolence, has a history that is replete with thrilling incidents and grand events, its glorious past possessing scarcely more interest than its prosperous present and encouraging future. The illustration which is presented in this issue gives an accurate and comprehensive view of the city, sketched, by Harper's special artist, from the top of the electric tower on River Street, near the Rice Mill, looking in a southerly and southeasterly direction. Within the limits of a sketch of this character it is only possible to glance briefly at its past, that proper consideration be given to its present and future.

In January, 1733, Edward Oglethorpe, with a party of one hundred and twenty-five emigrants, arrived in the galley *Ann* at Charleston, being vested by a royal charter granted by George II., with the possession of certain territory between the Savannah and Altamaha rivers. The party proceeded down the coast to Beauport, where they were left temporarily by Oglethorpe, who, with a few companions, among whom was Colonel William Bull, of South Carolina, ascended the boundary river of Georgia, and selected as the site of his settlement the high bluff on which now stands the city of Savannah. Here, on the 1st day of February (old style, 12th of February new style), were laid the foundations of the oldest English town south of the Savannah River. The plan of the town was, after due consideration, decided upon, and is maintained to the present day, rendering Savannah one of the loveliest of Southern cities. Broad streets were laid out, and a public square was reserved in each quarter.

The following July, on the 7th day, the settlers assembled on the strand (Bay Street) for the purpose of designating the lots. In devotional service they united in thanksgivings to God "that their lines had fallen to them in a pleasant place," and that they were about to have a goodly heritage. The wards and tithings were then named, each ward consisting of four tithings, and each tithing of ten houses. A half-mile distant was located a small village occupied by the Yamacraws, an Indian tribe, of which Tomichichi was chief, and which portion of the city retains the name of that tribe to the present day. The settlers were kindly received and treated by the Indians, and a treaty was entered into between Tomichichi and Oglethorpe, which was strictly adhered to. Having established his settlement, Oglethorpe returned to England, accompanied by Tomichichi, but in February, 1736, revisited these shores, bringing with him a new colony of three hundred, that cast their fortunes in this little town. Among them were Reverends John and Charles Wesley, the former the reputed father of Methodism in this country, and who on the 7th of March of that year preached for the first time on American soil in a modest frame building on the site of the present splendid Episcopal edifice known as Christ Church.

The charter under which the colony was established having expired by limitation on the 19th of December, 1751, the trustees decided not to petition for a renewal, and on the 23d of June, 1752, surrendered their trusts, which were accepted by the crown. On the 29th of October, 1754, John Reynolds, the first royal Governor of Georgia, arrived at Savannah, and assumed the reins of authority, but being of a tyrannical nature, his administration proved unpopular, and in consequence of the disaffections of the colonists, in obedience to the summons of the King he resigned the government into the hands of Lieutenant-Governor Henry Ellis on the 16th of February, 1757, and returned to England.

The change proved beneficial, as under the wise government of Ellis the colony prospered for a brief while, but his declining health compelled him to resign in 1759, and the following year he was succeeded by James Wright, the last of the royal Governors, who was forced to flee the country in 1775 to escape the wrath of the indignant people whom he had bitterly opposed in their resistance to the Stamp Act. On the 17th of April, 1763, the *Georgia Gazette*, the eighth newspaper in the colonies, was established, and the succeeding year Robert Bolton was appointed the first postmaster.

On the 5th of June, 1775, the first liberty-pole in Georgia was erected in front of a public-house on Bay Street (the site now occupied by Jones's range), kept by Peter Gondee; and on the 3d of March, 1776, the first attack of the British on Savannah was made, and resulted in the defeat of the regulars under Majors Maitland and Grant. In the second attack by the British, on the 29th of December, 1778, the British arms were victorious, and the gallant little town of Savannah capitulated. The French and American allies, under Count D'Estaing and General Lincoln, in October, 1779, made a desperate effort to recapture the town, but were unsuccessful. In this attack Count Pulaski was killed at a point about one hundred yards from the present depot of the Central Railroad.

The British army remained in possession of Savannah until the 11th of July, 1783, when it was formally surrendered to the American forces commanded by Colonel James Jackson, who entered the city the same day.

Civil authority soon assumed its sway, and in January, 1784, the first session of the Legislature was held in a brick house on South Broad Street, near Drayton, which is still standing, and is the oldest brick building in the city.

Savannah was incorporated as a city in December, 1789, and the first Mayor, John Houston, was elected in 1790. In May of the same year General Washington visited Savannah, and was received with great rejoicings. The house in which he lodged is on the northwest corner of Barnard and State streets, and is in a good state of preservation—an interesting landmark visited by hundreds of Northern people who yearly come South.

Subsequently the city has been honored with visits from President Monroe, Marquis de Lafayette, President Fillmore, ex-President Ulysses S. Grant, and very recently by President Chester A. Arthur, to whom distinguished consideration was shown, and every hospitality for which the people are noted extended.

The city is located on a high bluff, fifty feet above the level of the sea, and is bounded by well-drained lowlands under dry culture on its eastern and western sides. The Savannah River forms its northern boundary, and the ridge upon which it is built tends in a southeasterly direction to the salt rivers that separate the mainland from the sea islands which fringe the coast of the South Atlantic. The streets are wide, and so adorned with shade trees that Savannah justly bears the title of the "Forest City of the South." Forsyth Park, a magnificent and unrivalled tract of thirty acres of native forest trees, within the limits of the city, and twenty-five smaller parks or squares, which may properly be termed the lungs, constitute some of the great advantages possessed by Savannah as a Southern city remarkable for its excellent health. Within a cycle of half a century it has been visited by only two serious epidemics, the last several years ago; and with the thorough drainage suggested by that experience there is every reason to believe that such a calamity will never again to the same extent afflict the community.

Fire has also ravaged the fair city. In 1824 over four hundred houses were burned, and the little modest sea-port seemed doomed; but energy and enterprise triumphed. In January, 1865, an even greater calamity threatened the city, and the people were panic-stricken, fleeing hither and thither in terror. A fire broke out in a stable in the rear of old "Granite Hall," on the corner of West Broad and Zubly streets, which had been used by the Confederate authorities as an arsenal for fixed ammunition, and in which there were twenty thousand rounds stored. One hundred buildings were destroyed, and to the horrors of a destructive conflagration were added the frightful dangers of a terrible bombardment. Before the ammunition could be removed the fire communicated to the arsenal, and explosion succeeded explosion, fragments of shells flying in every direction, mangling and killing. On the 31st of last October another fire caused a destruction of property to the extent of a million of dollars. But despite the ravages of war, of fire, and storm, Savannah to day stands forth the second cotton port on the south Atlantic coast, and among the first commercial and prosperous cities in the South. Since the war between the States Savannah has progressed, and has far outstripped her neighbors in solid and substantial growth. Indeed, it may be said rightfully, without disparagement to Atlanta, which rejoices in the name of "Gate City," that Savannah deserves the crown as the "solid" city of the Empire State of Georgia.

Her cotton receipts have enormously increased of late years, and with the additional railroad facilities there will be an excess the coming season over the past. The foreign and coastwise shipping has greatly increased, and with the improvements mapped out for the river completed, there is no doubt that the largest foreign freight ships will visit the port of Savannah.

The merchants are energetic and public spirited, ever ready to seize upon any enterprise. It is the first Southern city to adopt the electric light and introduce the tower system, and in a few weeks it will unquestionably be the most brilliantly and thoroughly lighted city in the South.

Savannah has a paid fire department admirably equipped, a military police considered the best organized and disciplined in the State, a thoroughly organized sanitary system, with corps of inspectors who weekly make visits to every private residence and public building in the city. Among the industries are a paper mill, at which fine wrapping paper is manufactured from Florida palmetto, a prosperous cotton factory employing nearly one hundred hands, three large rice mills, four cotton compresses, immense railroad shops of the Central Railroad, and Savannah, Florida, and Western, at which is turned out everything from a car coupling to a splendid passenger parlor coach, sleepers, and locomotives, iron foundries, guano factories, flour and grist mills, barrel factories, cotton-seed-oil mills, and a projected ice factory. The system of street railways is excellent, two corporations covering the principal streets, and having their termini at very desirable resorts on the coast from four to ten miles distant from the city.

The library owned by the Georgia Historical Society is the model one of the State, and is filled with thousands of volumes of value, and numerous rare relics. The Academy of Sciences and Arts will shortly be opened under the liberal bequest of the late Miss Mary Telfair, daughter of the late Governor Telfair of Georgia.

The public-school system is acknowledged to be a model in its ramifications. It is conducted by a Board of Education, a corporate body who control eight schools of eight classes each for white, and two very handsome colored schools of six grades each, in the city, besides some ten county schools. The appropriation for the support of these schools from the county amounts in the neighborhood of $50,000 per annum, which is independent of State aid. The white high schools are partially self-sustaining, a tuition fee of $3 being charged per month. The session of these schools lasts nine months.

During the past year, Major B. J. Burgess, formerly of the Cape Fear (North Carolina) Military Institute, established here a military school, under the name of the Savannah Military Academy, conducted on the plan of the Virginia Military Institute. So popular has the Academy become in the community that a board composed of a number of prominent citizens has been formed, and subscriptions to the amount of $10,000 have been raised for the purpose of erecting a model building on desirable lots opposite the Park extension, which will be leased by Major Burgess for the term of ten years, and be under the control of trustees. The total amount required is $15,000, which will be readily obtained. Work is to be commenced at once. The Academy now has a roll of eighty-four cadets, about one-third of whom are from adjoining counties and States, who are boarders.

The telephone is most liberally patronized, and the Exchange probably has more subscribers than in any other city of the same population of the South. The Burglar Alarm and District Telegraph Company is also in successful operation here, and has a capital of $20,000, and has under protection over one million of dollars' worth of property in this city, there being sixty-four subscribers, including the principal merchants.

Among the important public buildings may be mentioned the Savannah Hospital, the Abrams Home, the Savannah Female Orphan Asylum, St. Mary's Home, St. Joseph's Infirmary, Georgia Infirmary (especially for colored persons), Cotton Exchange, Savannah Board of Trade Rooms, and the Episcopal Orphans' Home. The Masonic Temple, granite front, is the finest building of the kind in the State.

The theatre is the oldest theatre in the country, and while modernized in interior and exterior, it is the same structure that has stood for over a century, having been erected in the latter part of 1779.

The commercial interests of the city are well protected and fostered by the Savannah Cotton Exchange and the Savannah Board of Trade, which are very influential and wealthy institutions.

The volunteer military of Savannah is excellent, there being a full regiment and battalion of infantry, squadron of cavalry, and battalion of artillery, of whites, and a battalion of infantry, and artillery and cavalry companies, colored. They receive but little aid from the State. The soldiers are well disciplined and maintained, and Savannah enjoys the reputation of having the best division of volunteer soldiery in the South. Your artist has given a sketch of a prize drill of one of the companies of the Savannah Volunteer Guards Battalion, which was organized in 1802, and has a career extending through three wars in this country.

In a word, the Savannah of to-day has a future before her full of hope, and her people look forward confidently to the time when she will be accorded the front rank in the list of commercial cities of the South.

CAMPING OUT AS A FINE ART.

While wandering in the Adirondacks last summer, our artist was agreeably surprised to receive an invitation to visit the pleasant and attractive camp depicted in our illustration on page 732, and situated on the picturesque shores of Raquette Lake. Hastily packing up his blankets, a small "A" tent that had seen service in the Rocky Mountains, an alcohol stove, and a camp kettle, he took up his line of march toward the heart of the Adirondack wilderness.

Imagine his surprise when he found himself before the beautiful camp shown in the upper right-hand sketch, and was invited to an elegant repast in the rustic dining-room depicted in the lower corner! After spending a few days in this beautiful villa, where camping out was combined with the comforts and luxuries of city life, our artist proceeded to Little Forked Lake, where he was treated to a fresh surprise in the form of another villa camp. Here he found the curious fire-place shown in our illustration. In the middle of the living-room was a large six-sided box, built of heavy oak plank, and filled with stones, on which a cheerful fire was blazing. Over it was a funnel of sheet-iron connected with a stove-pipe leading up through the roof. By an arrangement of pulleys the funnel could be lowered or raised to regulate the draught. In these instances camping out has certainly been reduced to a fine art; but has it not been robbed of some of those features which have always been supposed to lend a charm to a life in the wilderness?

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

RAIN-WATER.

One might suppose that there was not a great deal to be said about drinking-water, but who ever begins to study the subject will be surprised at its complexity, and at the extent of its literature, especially in foreign languages. The history of the discussion begins long before the time of the Roman aqueducts. Hippocrates of Cos described the leading qualities of good and of bad drinking-water as well as they have ever been described since his time; and the topics treated range from the irrigation of ancient Babylon to the newest piece of inefficiency in the way of a kitchen filter.

What are the characteristics of good water for drinking and for domestic use? I will answer in the words of Mr. Homersham, the engineer of the works at Chiltern Hills, in England. Good water should be "(1) at all seasons clear, transparent, bright, and when seen in large bulk pure blue, that being the natural color of uncontaminated water; (2) it should be well aerated, holding in solution from seven to eight cubic inches of air per gallon, consisting of two or more cubic inches of oxygen and six of nitrogen; (3) it should have at its source a uniform temperature equal to the average of the climate for the year; (4) it should be free from living organisms, vegetable and animal, and from all dead decomposing organic matter, and should not dissolve lead; and (5) it should hold only a moderate quantity of mineral matter in solution, and thus be soft, and not deposit a coating of lime or magnesia when boiled."

Rain-water, as the source of all other water, will naturally take the first place in this review of the subject. How many of the above conditions of excellence does it satisfy?

Rain-water is pure at the moment when it leaves the clouds, but only then; when it reaches the earth it is always more or less impure. In passing through the air it absorbs four or five different gases, and takes up floating organic particles in less or greater quantity; and especially in or near towns it may be very far from pure. "Rain collected half a mile from the extreme southwest of Manchester," says Dr. Corfield, "although the wind was blowing from the west, after it had been allowed to clear itself of suspended matters, contained more than two and a half grains of organic matter in a gallon, and was, moreover, obviously impure."

These impurities from atmospheric sources, except in cities, are not often excessive; yet they should be guarded against, and care should be taken that they be not accidentally augmented, as when, for instance, the first washings of the roof after a dry spell are allowed to go into the tank. This should be prevented; and, indeed, more tanks than one are always desirable for the better purification of the rain-water, if it is intended to be used for drinking. This is done in parts of Italy, where three tanks are used. In the first the rain-water is received, and its chief impurities are allowed to settle. It is then strained off into the second, or storage tank, where it sometimes remains for a year; and here it constantly improves in quality, for it absorbs carbonic acid gas from the air, and becomes better tasting and more sparkling. When quite pure and clear the water is drawn into a third tank for use.

It will be long before such a thorough system of purifying rain-water will come into vogue among our housekeepers. Our ruder tanks are not well adapted for the preservation of drinking-water, and the purest rain-water has its own disadvantages and risks. In proportion to its purity or softness it is more likely than hard water to dissolve lead. Leaden cisterns, leaden fittings, even leaden covers to the tank, pump, or well that contains very soft water are sometimes the cause of danger. Thus the fourth of the conditions of excellence named above, and of course the third also, because the temperature of rain-water must vary with the season, are not satisfied by rain-water; nor is the fifth, for rain-water contains an insufficient quantity of salts. When collected away from towns it is generally very pure, but it is not the best for drinking; its lack of salts, besides making it liable to dissolve lead, gives it also an insipid taste.

But whenever it is convenient to do so, rain-water should be kept as a reserve supply for drinking. Sooner or later, when other sources are contaminated by accident or by an epidemic, it will be found of great use; as, for instance, when cholera or typhoid fever prevails; at such a time the ordinary water-supply sometimes becomes an open highway for the travel of those diseases; an alternative supply may become, in such a predicament, the means of preserving health or life.

Titus Munson Coan.

DEMOCRATIC GOVERNORS.

New Jersey and Maryland each elected a Democratic Governor on the 6th inst., whose portraits will be found on page 725. The Hon. Leon Abbett, of Jersey City, was born in Philadelphia, October 3, 1836, but when still a young man removed to New Jersey, where he has been a prominent figure in politics on the Democratic side. He was three times elected to the State Assembly, and afterward to the State Senate, and was for three years President of that body. For three years past he has been Corporation Counsel of Jersey City. His majority over the Republican candidate for the Governorship was about 6500.

A full discussion of the character and purposes of Mr. Robert M. McLane, Governor-elect of Maryland, will be found in the issue of Harper's Weekly for November 10.

THE FAR NORTHWEST.

Prior to the purchase by the United States of Alaska the extreme northwestern possessions of this country were the San Juan Islands, away up in the corner of Washington Territory, and separated from Vancouver's Island by the Straits of Georgia. At one time, pending the location of the international boundary line, these islands were in dispute, and it was doubtful whether they would ultimately become American or British soil. According to treaty the boundary was to follow the line of the forty-ninth parallel of latitude to the middle of the channel separating Vancouver's Island from the mainland, thence it was to follow this main channel to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and continue in the middle of this passage out into the Pacific. The controversy arose from the fact that at this point the Straits of Georgia divided into two main channels, one of which lay to the east of the San Juan archipelago, and the other to the west of the islands. The British claimed that the former was the one specified in the treaty, and that the islands belonged to them, while the Americans insisted that the western was the main channel, and that the islands thus became their property. Troops were sent by both sides to maintain the positions taken, and a collision was imminent; but the dispute was finally settled amicably, and the American claim allowed.

It was amid the magnificent scenery of these far-away islands that the steamer *Northern Pacific* recently bore our artist, and afforded him the opportunity for making the sketches that appear on page 728. Thirty-five miles inland to the eastward, but seeming to rise from the sea, towered Mount Baker, piercing the purple haze that blotted out its foot-hills, and lifting its snow-crowned pinnacles 11,000 feet into the clear upper atmosphere. Mount Baker is one of the grandest peaks of the Cascade range, and although overtopped 3000 feet by Mount Tacoma, or Ranier, a hundred miles to the southward, the former appears the higher because viewed from the sea-level. It was ascended for the first time last summer by an enterprising photographer of Victoria, who gives vivid descriptions of the crater of its extinct volcano that he discovered on the extreme summit.

Objects of interest to our artist nearer at hand than Mount Baker were parties of coast Indians fishing for salmon from queer-looking canoes or dug-outs with primitive hooks made of fat pine splinters and bone. The canoes are very long and heavy, each being hollowed with infinite labor from a single tree. The outside is painted black, and the interior a bright vermilion, while the high beak or prow is ornamented with rude devices traced in the same vivid color.

Although it is now customary to speak of all these coast Indians as "Chinooks," the term was originally only applied to the pigeon, or trading, English by means of which the Hudson Bay Company's traders and the Indians who met at Chinook Point conducted their negotiations.

Vancouver's Island, on the extreme southern point of which is situated Victoria, the capital of British Columbia, was supposed to form part of the mainland from the time of its discovery in 1778 by that redoubtable navigator, Captain Cook, until 1792. In that year Captain Vancouver, of the British navy, proved it to be an island by circumnavigating it. He gave it his own name, and thus left an everlasting monument to his memory. He was so struck with the appearance of the land of his discovery that he wrote, "It is as enchantingly beautiful as the most elegantly finished pleasure-grounds in Europe."

In spite of Captain Vancouver's praise of this land, no attempts were made to settle it until 1843, when the Hudson Bay Company established a fort and trading station at Victoria. Ten years later an act was passed by the British Parliament constituting British Columbia and Vancouver a crown colony, with Victoria as its capital. It remained, however, for Americans to give an impetus to the settlement of the country. This they did in 1856, when gold was discovered on Fraser River, and so mad an exodus was made from California in this direction that two years later 20,000 miners were in the country. The gold fever passed, and Victoria settled down into a staid business and political community. To-day it is one of the most beautiful and substantial cities of the Northwest, the seat of a quiet but solid prosperity that is steadily increasing. Its citizens look upon it as one of the future great cities of the world, and predict that with the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway it will become the leading port of the Northwest.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[From Our Own Correspondent.]

Tourguéneff's place in Literature.—Binding Oaths.—Gladstone and Tennyson.—Madness or Wickedness?—A confiding Author.—A Ticket-of-leave Curate.—A literary Mare's Nest.

Tourguéneff, being dead, has been placed in the Walhalla of novelists. He did not, it seems, like "plots" in novels, and preferred *Pickwick* to any of Dickens's works. Yet without "plots" where would his Nihilists have been? I have read *Virgin Soil*, and found it a stiffish one. "One loses so much in translations, you know." All great men who love posthumous applause ought, like him, to die in the dull season. At the bottom of the extravagant praise that has been lavished upon him is perhaps a secret wonder that a Russian should write novels at all.

There is great credit due to Tourguéneff that he has introduced us to a new people, burdened, alas! with unutterable sorrows. Since *Oliver Twist* was written, none of our own writers have gone deep enough down, yet terrible things lie ready to their hands. For example, I read that in a certain Union work-house snuff has been at last allowed to its old people. It is, it seems, their only pleasure. Heretofore "the old women took ashes, and the old men ground up stones, and mixed them with clay, which injured their health." What a picture of human life among ourselves is seen through this little loop-hole! In the expenditure of one of our great London clubs snuff figured forty years ago at £120; it has now sunk to thirty shillings; but these poor folks belong to the old school.

A Roman Catholic young woman has refused to take her oath, in a court of justice, upon the English Bible. She would have a Douay Bible, or "it wouldn't be binding," she said. What a queer notion she must have had of the nature of an oath! On the other hand, as if to restore the average, a coroner's jury in Middlesex have been going too far in the other direction. They have all been sworn upon a copy of *Tristram Shandy*.

Never was a higher compliment, or one more gloriously expressed, than that paid by Mr. Gladstone at Kirkwall the other day to Alfred Tennyson. A visitor, in the years to come, looking upon the names in the roll of burgesses, and coming on mine, may well (he said) inquire, "Who was Gladstone?" but in the case of Tennyson he would have no difficulty, "since he would know both who he was and what he had done to raise the intellects and hearts of his fellow-creatures." It is quite true that the mission of a poet is higher than that of a politician, but it is not every Prime Minister who would have confessed as much. It is this honesty of thought and candor of speech which lies at the root of Mr. Gladstone's personal popularity.

A philosophic journal, however, while admitting the gracious humility of the speech, demurs as to its truth. "The world," it says, "remembers Moses, the lawgiver, as well as David, the sweet singer of Israel, and Munoo perhaps better than Valsniki." This latter statement is an exaggeration; it would surely be sufficient to have said that the world remembers Munoo as much as it remembers Valsniki—a remark which would certainly not be open to cavil.

A gentleman who has shown little scruple in getting rid of his family at all hazards is just now awakening much interest. He has been convicted of murdering his five children in cold blood, and therefore, say the philosophic wiseacres, must needs be a madman. He nevertheless made some shrewd observations about the cost of offspring, and the desirability of starting again in life without incumbrance. The truth is, with a large class of dull, commonplace people, a great crime always suggests madness; they have no experience of the desperate wickedness of the human heart, and have not the intelligence to imagine it. In to-day's paper I read of a cattle-dealer who sent a number of horses to be slaughtered in London, in such a manner that they took six days to accomplish the journey, throughout the whole of which time he withheld food from them, since it was not worth his while to pay for it. Some of them were, in fact, starved to death before they reached the knacker's hands. As they call a murderer mad, perhaps the philanthropists in question would consider a wretch of this kind unaccountable for his actions. I can only say that there is another, though I allow a much smaller and less blatant, class of persons, to whom women and children are objects of pity, and who would take such measures with these so-called madmen that no living creature should ever again be troubled with their eccentricities.

I am always sorry to hear of popular authors coming on the parish—I mean appealing to the public. Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper is the last—and ought to be the last in another sense—to do it. What is the use of having one's books run to thirty editions if this is what comes of it all? His contention is—or rather his friends contend for him—that, notwithstanding their immense sale, he did not receive the royalty for his poems for fifteen years. He let it accumulate, and then his publisher burst. It is enough to make all the other publishers burst—with envy—to think that there should have been such a confiding author, and they not to have him. There must be some mistake in that statement about the fifteen years. Mr. Tupper may not have been a high-class poet, but he was never such a fool as *that*.

How a poor novelist would have caught it over the knuckles from the reviewers if he had ventured to portray a popular curate as a ticket-of-leave man! Yet the Rev. Thomas Morris Hughes, it seems, has united these two rôles in his own person for a considerable time. The cause of his present trouble was his having married two wives, the last lady being his rector's cook. This was, no doubt, a marriage of convenience, or rather of economy. He seems to be of a very practical turn of mind, and quietly inquired of the police inspector what was usually given for bigamy. Whatever it is, he will probably get it.

The Irish press is almost as queer as the Irish people. "If it is necessary," says a Dublin paper, "twenty thousand pounds would be subscribed to-morrow for the defense of O'Donnell. He has committed the *most popular murder* since Head-Constable Talbot was shot in Dublin." It does not seem to strike the editor of this hurdy-gurdy (for one can hardly call it "organ") that except in Ireland "murders" are not generally spoken of as "popular."

The finest mare's nest of the day has been found by a six-shilling quarterly. In instituting an inquiry into the respective merits of Browning and Tennyson, it takes the lines "Flower in the crannied wall," etc., as a proof of the superiority of the former poet over the latter. Tennyson had not the philosophy for such a marvellous piece of reflection; couldn't have written it to save his life, etc., etc.—an argument which possibly may have been very effective, and settled the matter; only, unhappily, it was not Browning, but Tennyson, who wrote the lines in question. I wonder where editors find the reviewers who perform feats of this kind, and especially what they pay them for it! And yet there are people who wonder that authors who have been at work all their lives upon their own subjects are not more moved than they are by "Notices in the Press." In the case of a high-class review, however, I only remember two examples of such a complete fiasco as this; a notice in *The Quarterly*, by Hallam, of some rival scholar's book, in which there was some Greek poem, of which, taking it for the author's own, he fell foul most unmercifully: "a bit of modern stucco," etc., when, unfortunately, the poem was Pindar's. Then, in comparatively late times, I recollect, in another quarterly, a notice of "In Memoriam"—written, let us hope, in haste, and "as we were going to press"—in which the book is described as "a volume of verse written by a widow to her deceased husband"; the proem beginning,

> "Strong son of God, immortal Love,"

was set down as "an invocation to Cupid"!

Every one expresses astonishment that Trollope should have made £69,000 in thirty-five years of writing. There is not a successful barrister of even the middle rank who has not made as much, nor a fashionable physician; and yet Trollope was one of the three most popular novelists of his day. It is perfectly amazing that people should have such ludicrous notions of proportion.

R. Kemble, of London.

A NOTABLE GROUP.

Immediately after the autumn manœuvres at Homburg-vor-der-Höhe, in Hesse-Nassau, the Emperor of Germany conceived the idea of commemorating the presence of the twenty royal personages who had assembled to witness the magnificent military spectacle by having them photographed in a group.

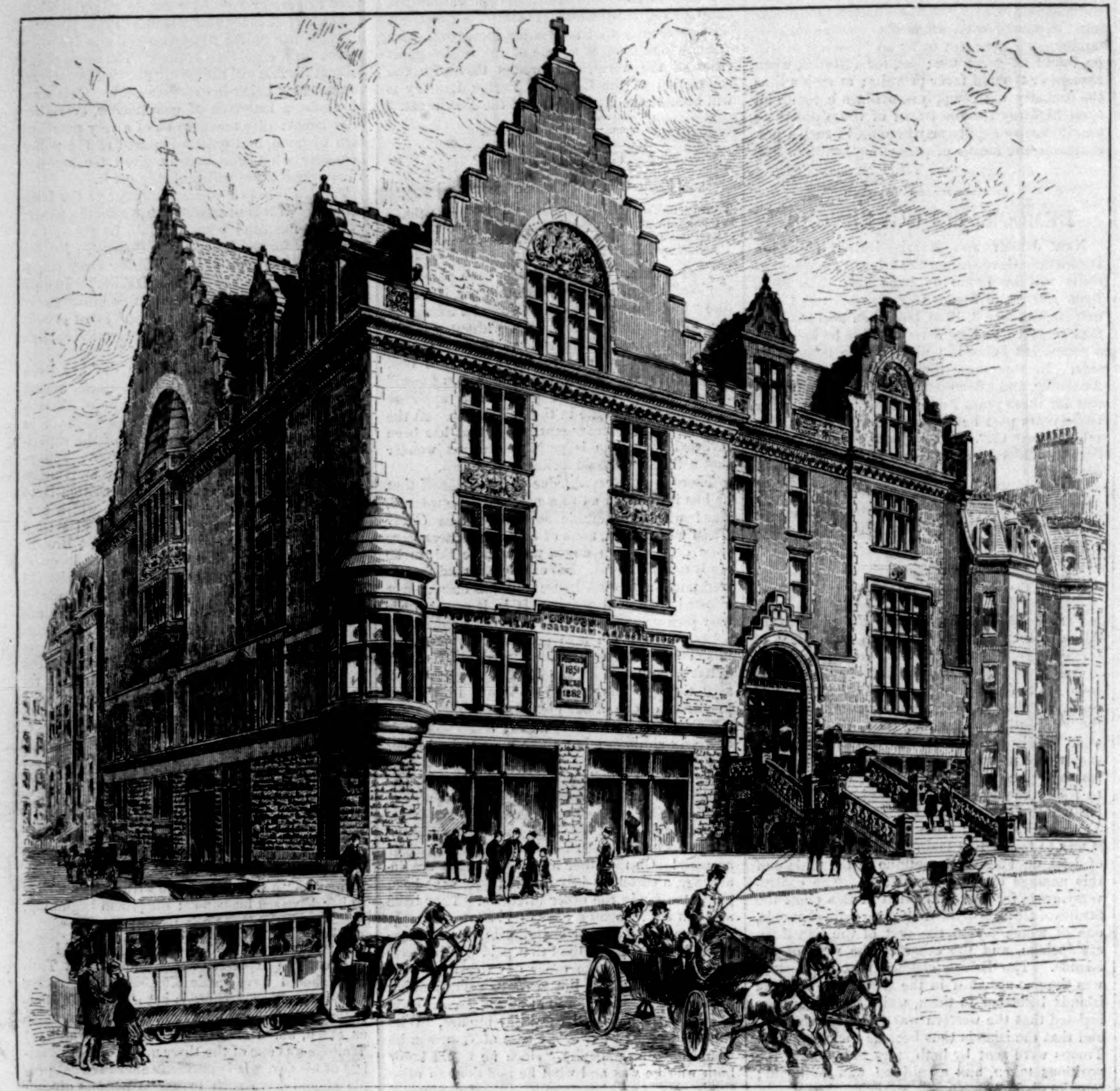
Accordingly, on the 26th of September, they took their places on the steps of the grand portal of the royal castle, forming a most striking and impressive galaxy around the heroic figure of the aged but still vigorous Emperor. He was dressed in the simple uniform of the Household troops, and on his breast were displayed orders of England, Spain, and Saxony. On his left was Alfonso of Spain, resplendent in his Uhlan uniform, which a few days afterward excited the ire of the Paris mob, and came near involving Spain and France in war. The white toilets of the royal ladies gave brilliancy to the group.

Taken altogether, this was one of the most notable gatherings of modern times, and the readers of Harper's Weekly will be glad to find, on another page, a reproduction of this remarkable photograph.

AN IMPORTANT WORK.

The dedication of the building of the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston affords a fitting occasion for a notice of the increase of such structures during the last seventeen years. In 1866 there was but one Association building, valued at $10,000; there are now seventy-three, valued at nearly $3,000,000. This is, however, but a single illustration of the growth of Christian Associations during the same period. In fact, since the close of the civil war, the Associations have entered upon a career of progress such as was never before known. At that time they were but eighty in number throughout the entire United States; there are now more than seven hundred, and the aggregate of members is nearly one hundred thousand.

This rapid increase is mainly due to the formation of an "International Committee," located in New York, but operating throughout our country and Canada as a fostering and missionary agency. This committee has created special branches of service among commercial travellers, Germans, colored young men in the South, railroad men, and college students, there being for each branch a special secretary. One very admirable part of the methods of the committee is the special training of young men for service as Association secretaries. What might be called secretarial institutes are sometimes held for the drilling of candidates. In all the varied planning and administration of the International Committee the practical interest predominates. The end to be attained is steadily kept in view, and the means



THE NEW BUILDING OF THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

which experience has suggested as suitable are vigorously applied. Thus commercial travellers who are members of Christian Associations are furnished with membership tickets, which secure them a welcome to Associations everywhere. The benefits accruing to railroad men from connection with Christian Associations are so fully recognized by the railway companies that they themselves provide two-thirds of the necessary expense. Even considerations of enlightened self-interest justify such expenditure; for Christian influence brought to bear upon their workmen means better service, and better service means less loss and larger profit.

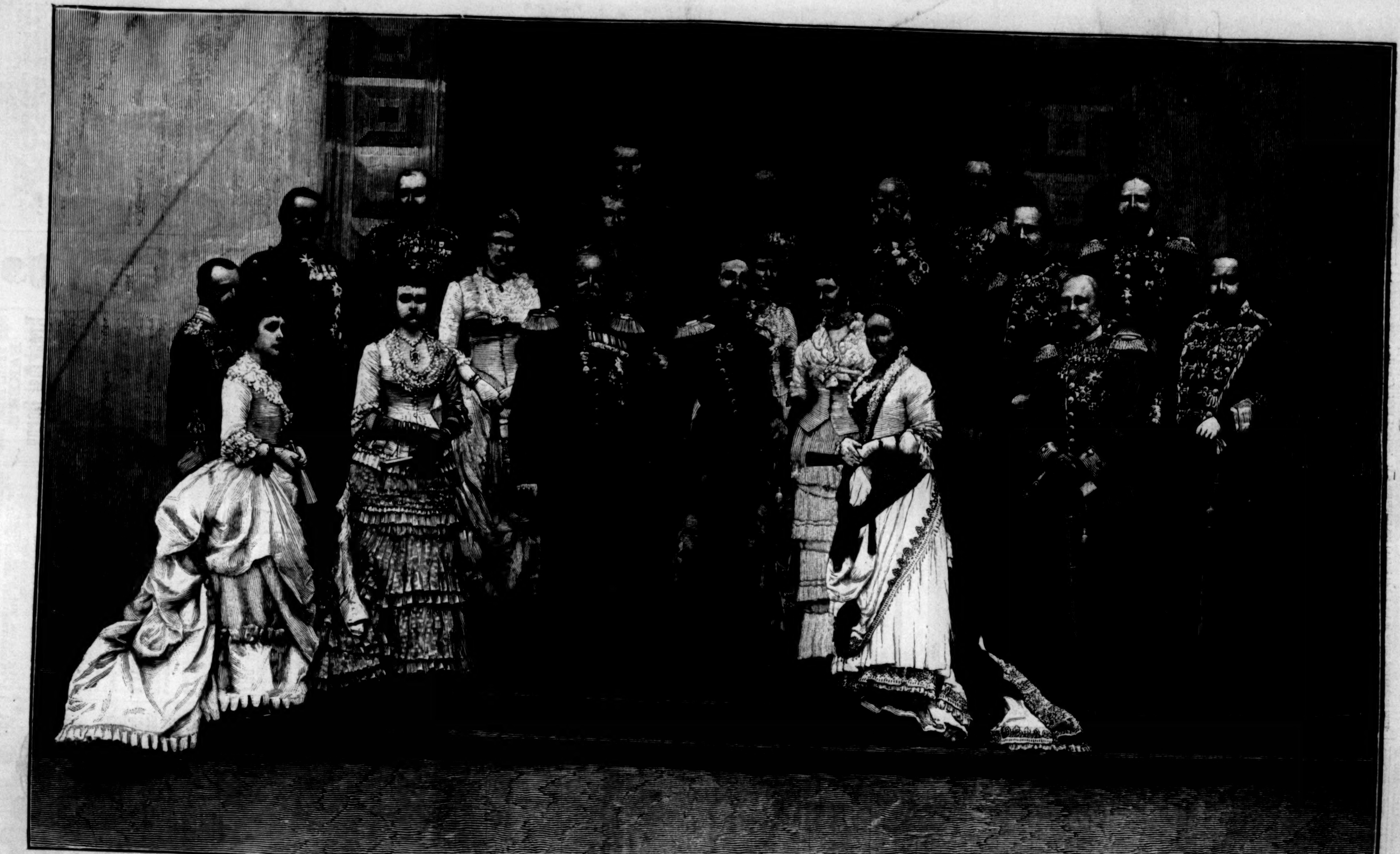
Among college students Christian Associations naturally find a home. There are now 170 such college unions, having more than 9000 members. College graduates furnish the best material for secretaries. A college bulletin spreads information relative to the Associations in our schools of learning. Unquestionably the forming of this bond of Christian fellowship among students is destined to have a very perceptible effect upon the tone of college life.

A farther expansion has been attempted in a world's organization of young men. The interlocking of national Christian Associations so as to create out of them a world-embracing unity is very pretty in theory, but its practical utility may fairly be questioned. Still, its effect is to broaden sympathy, and to make universal brotherhood something better than a dream. It must be confessed, however, that in the Latin countries of Europe Christian Associations do not readily take root; they flourish most among the Teutonic, and especially the English-speaking, races. Thus in North America there are 840, but in South America only 3; in Great Britain, 388, but in France only 64; in Germany and Holland, more than 700, but in Spain, Italy, and Austria, taken together, only 26. Christian Associations are a distinctively Protestant growth; similar unions, though existing among Catholics, have never developed such manifold activities as are outlined here. Judging from the expansion of the last twenty years, there is no telling to what extent this agency for the religious improvement of young men may spread in the Protestant world. If the same practical sagacity which the leaders have so far exhibited shall continue to appear in their plans, a Christian Association, as a rallying-point for young men, may become a feature of the life of innumerable cities and towns of Protestant Christendom. Already there are more than 2000, all of them the growth of a single lifetime, for the founder of the first one is still living, in the enjoyment of an honored old age.

George R. Crooks.

Exterior of a "Camp"
The Dining Room

CAMPING OUT AS A FINE ART.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 731.]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King of Saxony.
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THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND HIS ROYAL GUESTS.—From a Photograph by T. H. Voigt, Royal Photographer to the Prince of Wales, etc.—[See Page 731.]

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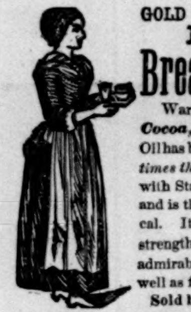

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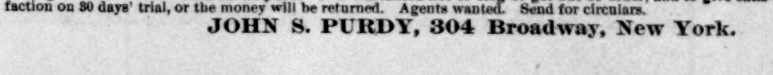

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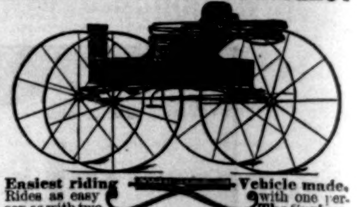

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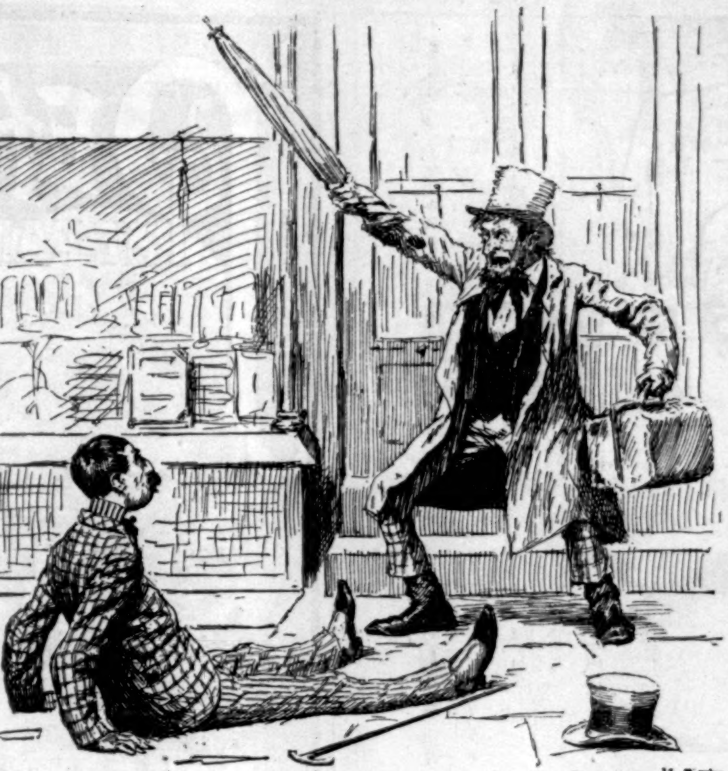

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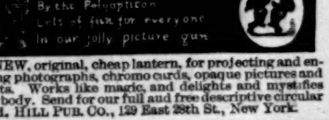

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